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William F. Marvin.

THE
BATTLE OF MONTEREY,
AND
OTHER POEMS.

BY WILLIAM F. MARVIN.

Oh there are tones from broken hearts,
That none but broken hearts can feel;
When memory to the mind imparts,
What death alone can heal.

DANVILLE, KY.
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TO THE READER.

In presenting to you these poems, I have had three ends in view ; firstly, to better somewhat my condition in life ; secondly, to gratify my own feelings ; and thirdly, to comply with the wishes and urgent solicitations of acquaintances and friends.

I am not unaware of the many imperfections that must necessarily be attached to the writings of men of my class ; daily dependent upon the immediate resources of my own labour for subsistence, with feelings delicately sensitive, and habits, not always under the strict control of consistency ; few can appreciate how deeply I have at times suffered in mind, while begging my brothers of the earth to give me leave to toil. I cannot hope by these remarks to court favor or avert criticism, they may, however, at least tend to

soften the latter. The lines must speak for themselves ; and an enlightened, and I hope indulgent public, be the judges ; if they be well received, I shall indeed be gratified ; if condemned, I will rest content with the solace they have afforded my own heart, in its dark, dreary, and lonesomest hours.

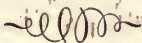
W. F. MARVIN.

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The Battle of Monterey.



TO THE MEMORY OF
GENERAL ZACHARY TAYLOR,
AND OF
THE BRAVE HEROES

WHO FELL DURING THE LATE MEXICAN CAMPAIGN,
THIS POEM

OF THE BATTLE OF MONTEREY,
IS MOST RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED;
BY THEIR BEREAVED FRIEND AND COMPANION IN ARMS,

W. F. MARVIN.



THE BATTLE OF MONTEREY.

WITH DESCRIPTIONS OF THE ENCAMPMENTS AND DIFFERENT SCENES
AROUND THE CITY.

In this fair land of strife, whose bright blue skies
Smile o'er ne'er fading fields of emerald dyes ;
Whose clust'ring vines and overhanging bowers,
Shade in soft beauty every season's flowers ;
Whose blossom'd groves bear odors on each breeze
That steals in kisses through the spicy trees :
Whose mountain springs in gushing streamlets flow,
And irrigate the fertile vales below—
Where luscious fruits in rich luxuriance hide,
Or in the glen, or by the mountain's side ;
And all the sweets that southern suns bestow,
In gay profusion and wild beauty grow.
Where the eagles wing their way,
From the tow'ring Walnut Grove ;
And the bubb'ling springs in play,
Down the valley winding rove—

In the simplest tent around,¹
May our Aged Chief be found.
No pomp—or pride—around him clings,
Or gay parade its glitter brings ;
A stool, and table, sparsely spread,
A blanket, and loose straw for bed ;
While all around in easy care,
Bespeaks the plain old soldier there :
And yet—there's grandeur on his brow,
And calmness in his steady eye ;
And through that mien so placid now,
Beams forth a soul would nobly die—
If death can hurl his venom'd dart,
Through one who lives in every heart ;
Whose earliest, latest strife, has known
His Country's weal before his own ;
And oh may he long live to prove,
Her honor, gratitude, and love.
Sublimely great, he stands alone,
Upon the mountain of his fame,
As Admiration, like a zone,
Pays circling tribute to his name ;
While Envy's microscopic eye
But clears the mist-clouds from his sky.

Athwart his tent—beneath his care,
The swarthy natives spread their stores;
And marking them securely there,
Bless the rude War that crowds their shores;
While doubling on their charge each day,
They battle on the soldier's pay. *Walter*
Wind we down the landscape's vale,
Where the silver brooklet flows;
Where the lilies floating pale,
Kiss the over-hanging rose;
And the water-cresses lay,
On the rills in gentle play;
And the hazels bending o'er,
Wave their richly kernel'd store;
Where the orange blossoms fling,
Odors on the breeze's wing;
And the cascade waterfall
Leaps from out its rocky hall;
Where the dappled fawn awakes,
Bounding through the ferny brakes;
And the mimic bird, in play,
Mocks the ring-dove's plaintive lay;
And the linnet plumes her wings,
While her mate his carol sings;

And the gay-wing'd paroquet,
Picks the newly ripen'd sweet ;
Or macaw, of scarlet plume,
Scatters round the fig-tree's bloom ;
Or the butterflies unfold
Wings of purple, green, and gold ;
Daisies white, and rosy-lipp'd,
Violets in the azure dipp'd ;
Honey bees in light wing'd shower,
Sipping sweets from every flower ;
Century plants, of gorgeous plume,
Proudly waved o'er humbler bloom,
Twined with glory's morning flower,
Sleeping, by the noontide's hour.

Here a grot and there a cell,
Caved within a moss grown dell ;
Overhung by creeping vine,
Jas'mine, or sweet eglantine ;
Here the gurgling stream is sped,
O'er the shelving rocky bed ;
Where the cistern'd waters stay
Ere they wind their devious way ;
And the rose-buds vainly hide—
Mirror'd in the silver tide ;

And the smooth white pebbles show,
Underneath the crystal flow.

Yet 'tis only here and there,

That the gold-wing'd beams appear ;

Canopied—and round about,

Woven blossoms bar them out ;

Singing birds that know no fear,

Warble from the branches near,

And music this sweet solitude,

In warblings to their callow brood.

Steps adown the brooklet's side,

By nature graded—meet the tide—

Here at eve the maidens hie,

Glancing round with cautious eye ;

Doff their loose attire—and lave ;

In the cool caressing wave ;

Merge their glowing limbs in play,

Underneath the yielding way ;

While the lucid waves above,

Only veil the scene in love,

As the sun retires to hide

A blush, behind the mountain's side.

Such shades of dreamy loveliness,

Remembrance ever wakes to bless ;

They smiling on the bosom lie,
Like a moonlit summer sky,
Or a glimpse of Eden's Bowers,
With Eve beside its streams and flowers ;
Ah grief, that War, with blood-stain'd feet,
Should desolate a scene so sweet.

Hide, hide your heads, ye blossoms, fruits, and flowers ;
And you, ye streamlets, seek more peaceful bowers :
A crimson tide, from carnage wild and rude,
In cruel pomp affects your solitude ;
The dread magnificence of struggling war,
In deep-mouth'd thunder—bellowing, shouts afar ;
And the rent air, from caverns wild and drear,
Wakes fearful echoes on the wilder'd ear.

Deep valley'd 'tween huge mountains high,
Whose broad tops kiss the deep blue sky ;
While misty, gray-wreathed fleecy clouds,
Hang loosely 'round their sides, like shrouds,
In proud, magnificent array,
Gleam the bright domes of Monterey.
Far around yon mountain's base,
While the stars sleep in the sky ;
WORTH, in glory's eager chase,
Wings to raise the battle-cry.

McCullough and Gillespey² lead

In reconnoitre, o'er the plain ;

While Smith, and Scott, and Longstreet,⁸ speed

Their brave troops o'er the trampled slain ;

As gallant Duncan's⁴ thunder spreads

Its grape-like hail 'round hostile heads.

Now Worth the second fortress gains,

While Childs⁵ storms wild, the Palace nigh,

And Staniford⁶ the charge maintains,

As Scott and Ayers⁷ fight bravely by,

And Vinton and brave Halloway,⁸

Earn lasting glory in the fray.

Shrivner, Merchant, Wainwright,⁹ and

Montgomery,¹⁰ the breastwork gain ;

While Rowland,¹¹ and his daring band

The cannon's thunder loud unchain ;

See, his brave troops upheaving now

The mortar, to the steep hill's brow.

The Nicholls's, Clark, and McCoun,¹²

With fame their bright swords crimson o'er ;

And Blanchard's garland of renown,

Will bloom more green till time's no more ;

While every private in the fray,

Shares equal glory through the day.

Folds of smoke and flashing flame,
Wrap the broken Palace walls ;
Deep'ning, widening echoes claim
Voices, where the thunder falls ;
And the discomfited foe,
Fleeing, seek the vales below,
While the dead and dying lay,
Gory bulwarks in the way ;
As our flag in triumph waves,
A star-shroud over foemen's graves.

Now the din of battle speeds,
Where the brave old TAYLOR leads,
Among the wounded and the dead,
The grape-shot hurtling round his head ;
Dread focus of a mighty power,
Triumphing o'er the battle hour.
Firm in the conflict by his side,
BLISS,¹³ bravely stemming danger's tide,
Shields his loved chief where death is found,
Or bears his high commands around,
Mingling mid spears, and flash and cry,
And bayonets gleam, and agony.

Now forts on forts before them lay,
Like dark, death struggles in their way ;

As on, the troops of Baltimore,
In rashness madly rush before ;
And meeting foes on every side,
Yield 'mid the deep'ning gory tide.
See the gallant QUITMAN¹⁴ lead
His well train'd warriors o'er the plain ;
The fated fourth his ranks precede—
An immortality to gain ;
While Juan's¹⁵ waters red with gore,
And choked with slain, spread o'er the shore.
Braving still the galling fire
Of grape-shot, swept at every breath ;
Their danger only feeds their ire,
And leads them on the front of death ;
Enveloped wide in smoke and flame,
They fighting gain a deathless name.
The brave McCLUNG,¹⁶ with seeming wings,
Amid the thunder's madd'ning roar,
Across the ditch like lightning springs,
The ramparts escalading o'er—
While Mississippi, Tennessee,
Wade on through blood to victory.
Hark to the yell of triumph rise
Above the cannon's deafening cry,

As o'er the plain the foeman flies
In wild confusion, on to die ;
Or makes one feeble effort more,
Then gives his desperation o'er.
Now from Palace roof and tower,
Parapet and barricade,
Death, broad-wing'd in ghastly power,
Claims the victims War has made ;
While quivering limbs are lopp'd in strife,
And wearied eyelids close on life.
See the Second Infantry,
And the Third, the tempest brave ;
They, while blood is pouring free,
Rush for glory or a grave ;
And scaling up the esplanade,
Mock the red slaughter Death has made.
Now Ohio cleaves her way,
With gallant WATSON¹⁷ by her side ;
He sought the darkest, deepest fray,
And bravely fighting, nobly died ;
His last words, "On, my brave, brave boys!"
While vengeance shouts as Watson dies.
Street and alley, square and lane,
Ringing with the shout of woe ;

Teem with groans and heaps of slain,
 Dam the crimson current's flow ;
And oh, when much loved Barbour died,
Deep anguish stay'd the battle's tide.
Williams, Terret, Morris, Wood,
 Field, and Irwin,¹⁹ sink to die ;
Their well-weigh'd swords sheathed thick with blood,
 Are clutch'd, as on the ground they lie ;
While grasping, struggling, side by side,
They splash the life spill'd bubbling tide.
Allen, Hoskins, Putnam, Hett,
 Dilworth, Hazlet,²⁰ bleeding fall ;
Not unavenged, for comrades yet
 Their deeds of vengeance oft recall ;
Bainbridge, Bowen, and Caldwell,²¹
 Mansfield, Mitchell, Smith, and Price,²²
The glorious meed of victory swell,
 And urge a nation's grateful voice.
Harlan, Herman, Dowing, Lay,²³
 Cooper, Russel,²⁴ each will frame,
With Weller, and Lamar,²⁵ that day,
 Green wreaths around the brow of Fame.
Now falls the gallant brave Tiree,²⁶
 Whose valor all the world may prize ;

The foes within the breastwork flee,
And Death grows pale as Tiree dies ;
While Henry, Thomas, Johnston, share,
A lauding nation's thanks and care.
Twiggs, and Henderson, and Lear,²⁷
Davis, Campbell, and McClung ;²⁸
Garland; Wilson,²⁹ each will share
Fame, by future ages sung.
Abercrombie, Armstrong, Moor,³⁰
Patterson, Lamotte, Calhoun ;³¹
Scudder, Graham, Howard,³² pour
Their vengeance, 'mid the battle's noon.
Alexander, Anderson,³³
Hooker, Johnson,³⁴ and brave Bragg ;
Webster, Bliss, and Wagaman,³⁵
Ridgely, Donaldson, and Craig ;³⁶
May, and Whiting, and Belknap ;³⁷
And Croghan³⁸—generous as brave,
Who met me since in danger's gap,
And risk'd his own my life to save.
Van Buren, Eaton, Scairet, Pope,³⁹
With Garnet, Kirby, and Monroe ;⁴⁰
Each in his own immediate scope,
Wrought out the City's overthrow ;

Distinguish'd by their chief in name,
And sculptured on their country's fame.
Who can paint the hideous fray,
On the gory field of pain,
Where the sabre's flashing ray
Drinks the life-blood's latest drain?
And the lines of pointed steel,
Meet the lancer's headlong wheel;
Horses plunge with madd'ning ire,
Through the blood, and smoke and fire;
Heaps of dead are piled in vain—
Still the ranks close up again.
Hark, the volley urged by death,
Peals o'er groans and gurgling breath;
Lancers that in fury fly,
Stake their victims down to die;
Now the bayonet—purple-dyed,
Wreaking—leaves the warrior's side;
Bitter strife, and scorn, and hate,
Urge them to their gory fate;
Mouth-like wounds spout blood around,
Horses, riders, strew the ground.
Widening, deep'ning, now the tide
Of carnage gleams on every side;

The lurid flash, the thunder cry,
The wailing burst of agony,
As ball or shell its havoc flings,
Upon a thousand death-fledged wings.

See the dark-eyed Matron⁴ come,
From her lonely cottage home,
Where her babes in slumber lie,
Dreaming not of danger nigh ;
Climbing o'er the heaps of slain,
To assuage the thirst of pain ;
Glancing round with eager trace,
For one dear, familiar face—
Her partner's—whose last kiss is now
Scarce cold upon her polish'd brow.
Still doth she her pitcher bring,
From the cool, refreshing spring ;
Friend or foe, alike may share
Bounteously her angel care ;
Here she bathes a fever'd brow,
Wets a death-parch'd lip, and now
Pillows with her arm one head,
Raised amid surrounding dead ;
Anguish marks his filmy eye ;
Beaming its last ray, to die.

Oh ! see her clasp that lifeless form,
Grief gathering o'er her like a storm ;
While kissing lip, and cheek, and brow,
That feels no warm caresses now,
A mangled mass the warrior lies,
With pallid lip and death-seal'd eyes.

A thousand thoughts that moment come,
And whisper of her babes at home ;
With all the joys affection knew,
His first embrace, his last adieu ;
The cross on her white bosom, bare,
His earliest gift, her latest care,
She kiss'd, as death-struck, by his side
She struggling fell, and bleeding, died.
I saw the broken pitcher lay
Beside her, as I pass'd that way ;
A smile had stolen her parting breath,
And linger'd on her lip in death.

Again Ohio winds her way,
With Mississippi by her side,
To where the forts beleagu'er'd lay,
And stems the lancer's whelming tide,
Who charging, meet the flaming breath.
Of smoke-wreath'd volleys, hurl'd in death.

See, where the gen'rous Bena⁴² bears,
The wounded Freeman from the plain ;
A prey to peril, few would dare,
He totters on o'er heaps of slain,
His friend still urging him to fly,
"Leave, leave me here, or both will die."
And as the lancers closing prest
Upon the warrior's laden track ;
He raised his musket to his breast,
And peal'd its echoing thunder back ;
And shielding his loved comrade's side,
Woke death around, and fighting died.
Down the rugged Palace hill,
Where the foes in terror flee ;
Worth, of nerved and iron will,
Presses on to victory.
Clashing bayonets and spears,
Children's cries and women's tears ;
Shrieks, and moans, and blood and gore ;
Roofs with corpses piled o'er ;
Streets, and squares, and barricade,
Human slaughter-pens are made.

Now, amid the bloody strife,
Raging o'er the slippery way,

Where the crimson tide of life
Hides the dying as they lay;
Loud the groans of anguish fly,
Mingling with the battle cry.
Where the rifle, wing of death,
And the cannon booming loud,
Echoed by the musket's breath,
Cleave the smoke-wreathed thunder-cloud;
And the rent shell, from the ground
Scatters gory limbs around;
Sword, and battle-axe, and spear,
Stabbing, hewing foemen near;
And the horse in madd'ning ire,
Bounding wild with breath of fire,
Tramping wounded, dead and dying,
Where the battle's deepest, flying:
Foes, first met, in mortal strife,
Quaff the purple flood of life:
Horse and rider cover'd o'er,
With foam, and sweat, and bloody gore,
Wounded, gasping, struggling, lie
Together in their agony.
Where the Cemetery walls,
Shield the long forgotten dead;

Chain-shot, grape, and cannon balls

Weave a dark pall over head ;

And the fire-wing'd death boom sweeps,

Where cathedral'd thunder,⁴³ sleeps.

The foe, gloom-hemm'd on every side,

Seek dangerous sanctuary now ;

As like a whirlpool's gulphy tide,

In crowds around their church they bow,

While Worth's wild gush of burning breath,

Rolls its red glare in streams of death.

Foremost in the bloody fray,

The TEXAS RANGERS meet the fight ;

Deep revenge is their's to-day ;

And deeper still—as 'mid the night,

Through walls of stone they pick their way ;

The ALAMO, their battle-cry—

While foemen meet them, but to-die.

On the wide extended plain,

Near the Black Fort's frowning wall ;

Where the cannon balls like rain,

Plough the earth up as they fall ;

And the bombs come hissing by,

Death-gleams shooting through the sky ;

Brave Ormsby and his legion band,

With daring Rogers firmly stand ;

A fiery wall of burning breath,
Around the battery of death ;
Eager to gain a deathless name
Upon their country's scroll of fame.
Twice, from out the Citadel,
The lancers form'd to make attack,
And twice the bomb among them fell,
Driving their death-thin'd squadron back ;
While high in air brave Ramsey⁴⁴ threw
His beaver, shouting "That will do."

Down in a hollow, near the mortar's side,
A Dutch Dragoon sits, resting from his ride,
Upon his horse, a large-limb'd fiery bay,
While the rude dangers threat'ning round him play ;
And now a ball has struck his charger's breast,
Ranged through its neck, and flying, onwards prest ;
The poor beast falls—the soldier 'neath him lies,
Yet gains his feet unhurt—I see him rise ;
Keeping the bridle still within his hand,
Close by his favorite's head he takes his stand,
While tears fall thick adown his wayworn cheek,
And his kind heart is full—too full to speak.

The poor steed gives one shudder—then a groan,
As its lip quivers 'neath its dying moan,

The warrior pales, and as he marks its end,
He sighing whispers—"Have I lost mine friend!"
Then raising both his hands above his head,
He almost shrieks "Mine Got, mine horse is dead."

At noon the wounded BUTLER came
Amid our ranks, as ranged we stood;
A drooping warrior, faint and lame,
With pallid cheek, and smear'd with blood;
"Be calm," said he, "whate'er betide;
The danger 's great;" he paused again;
"Yet well I know, Kentucky boys
Will guard their charge, or die like men;"
The steed that bore him I had long known well,
'Twas Lincoln's gift,* to her admired Caldwell.
Urged by his friends, he left the field,
While gallant HAMER took command;
And none more fit the sword to wield,
Or guide us in a foeman's land;
And when months afterwards he died,
Deep anguish thrill'd and wrung each breast,

* The Voters of Lincoln County, Kentucky, presented to G. A. Caldwell, after his race for Congress, with J. F. Bell, a fine riding horse. This was the horse General Butler was now riding.

As ranging by his corpse's side,
We peal'd a requiem o'er his rest.
And now the gallant SHEPHERD⁴⁵ led
Our left battalion from the plain ;
And quick they march'd o'er heaps of dead,
The far off destined Fort⁴⁶ to gain :
While on their way the bullets sped,
Like hailstorms, hurtling overhead :
Their leader now, with dauntless eye,
While proudly reining in his steed,
Calmly gives orders to deploy,
Among the tangled brush and reed,
To where San Juan's waters roar,
O'er dead and dying, thick with gore ;
Ford the wild stream, 'mid danger's sport,
And shelter in the captured fort.
But oh, what scenes await them there—
To raise the spectres of despair ;
A hundred stiffen'd corpses lie,
With mangled limbs, and unclosed eye ;
And as the pall of darkness spreads
Its mantle o'er their grave-yard beds :
These brave and serried troops find rest,
Each on a lifeless foeman's breast :

While sleet and rain in torrents pour,
And form a pool of blood and gore.
Meanwhile our First Battalion stay'd,
Where Ramsey's shells their havoc played ;
Till orders came to bear away
The gun, to where our comrades lay.
'Twas midnight—on a pathless wild,
The loaded trains took devious route,
No star 'mid storm and darkness smiled,
To point our destination out ;
The guide, bewilder'd, sought the track
Ahead, while we, all wet and cold,
Awaited, but he came not back,
And what his fate—remains untold.
On, on, 'mid chapparel and storm,
Wildly uncertain of our way,
We strain'd our eyes to catch some form,
Might tell how far we were astray,
When lo ! a rocket in the sky,
Show'd the Black Fort, and danger nigh.
Changing our course we onward sped,
Feeling the way on hands and knees ;
Until we reach'd a bridge—that led
We knew not where—of fallen trees ;

And as our team the danger met,
The wagon reel'd, and was upset.
But soon like Hercules, our men
Upheaved, and set it right again ;
While now and then a rocket's gleam
Threw its red glare along the stream.
Still our blind course was far astray,
And struggling hard to gain our way—
The mortar's frame, by jerking sped,
Was heaved from out the carriage bed ;
And there compact on end it stood,
Two tons in weight, submerged in mud.
The shivering troops assay'd to raise
Its ponderous form, but fail'd in power ;
The wagons had gone different ways,
And men were sent the heath to scour,
And bring back if it could be seen,
The needed raising power machine.
Another hour elapsed ere we
Had heaved the cumbersome engine free ;
When on we march'd, we knew not where,
In pain—but never in despair.
Oh God, it was a fearful night,
Upon that gloomy field of blood :

And each man bless'd the dawning light,
That pointed where our white tents stood.
In hunger, weariness, and care,
We reach'd the camp—but not to rest ;
The baggage wagons⁴⁷ had been there,
And all we own'd was in them press'd,
And many never met again
Their knapsacks, through the whole campaign.
The twenty-second's evening came;
And with it rain in torrents fell ;
When lo, the sergeant call'd my name,
To take the long night's watching spell :
Where forty-seven prisoners lay,
Who had been taken during day.
Between reliefs—I laid my head
Upon a thorn bush growing nigh :
And almost slept as sleep the dead,
Till waken'd by the watch-guard's cry ;
When shivering 'neath the sleet and rain,
I took my wearying post again.
The morning breaks in beams of gold,
Above the tall Camanche's brow :
And mists that hid the skies, unfold
Their fleeces in the sunlight now,

And all the mountains round me claim
One burnish'd sheet of golden flame.
And hark, the deep, long-roll is heard
In echoes from the thund'ring drum;
And "Arms, to arms," is now the word,
As each man into rank has come ;
The swords and bayonets glittering bright
Upon the morning's yellow light.
We march within the city's view,
The way our left battalion 's gone ;
Rank after rank defiling through—
Who arms present, and cheer us on :
Then, orders wait, where olives spread
Their branching blossoms overhead.
A late deserted ranch hard by,
Has cooling springs of water nigh ;
And fine young ears of corn grow there,
Which roasted, make delicious fare ;
While every heart seems gay and light,
And proudly braves the expected fight.
In the distance, thundering loud,
Grape, and shells, and cannon-balls
Leave behind a smoke-wreathed cloud,
And battering rend the castled walls ;

While not a thought is breathed or known,
But deems the battle all our own:
At intervals the firing stays,
 But soon resumes with fearful power,
While rumor lies a thousand ways,
 And contradicts herself each hour:
Oh God, how awful 'tis to stand
And contemplate the spirit-land.
See, some have climb'd the olive trees,
 To catch a glimpse of tower or fort;
And watch with pride the fitful breeze
 That waves our flag in wanton sport;
While now and then a cheek grows pale,
As home comes wing'd on memory's gale.
Dear Home, thou Eden of the heart,
 Sweet scene of love-born, cherish'd joys;
A sunbeam lighting war's red chart,
 And pointing where our duty lies;
For who would take a sullied fame
Back to the child that bears his name?
The wife, at home, all desolate,
 Hugs her lorn infant to her breast,
And fearing for its father's fate,
 In choked sobs soothes the babe to rest;

While every footstep passing by,

Is listen'd to with trembling joy.

The maiden, in her bower reclined,

While the moonbeams brightly stream,

Calls one loved image to her mind—

A hidden, yet a cherish'd theme,

As now a smile, and now a tear,

Comes with alternate hope and fear.

The mother finds no comfort nigh—

Her fancy shows the field of death;

She sees her loved one crush'd to die,

And almost hears his gurgling breath;

And yet the tears refuse to start,

Her sorrows lay deep in her heart.

The sister, by the cottage door,

In calm concern her needle plies,

Or reads her brother's letter o'er—

While feeling's tears, like pearls arise,

On finding 'mid the battle scene,

How very near to death he'd been.

The father's grief is lost in pride,

He deeply feels, yet breathes no word,

And his rich blood throbs like a tide,

Whenever battle news is heard:

And when he hears we've gain'd the day,
One tear will on his glad cheek lay.

'Tis evening, and we wind our course;

Through groves and fields of tangled route;

And pass where late the conflict hoarse,

Has revell'd wild, in groan and shout,

Where human carcasses are strown—

And broad-wing'd vultures round have flown.

Here sons and sires together bled—

And maids and matrons gory lie;

Some putrified and some just dead,

And some for water wildly cry,

Or in convulsions stare and start,

Bringing death-sickness o'er my heart.

'Tis dark and cold, the ground our bed,

I strive to sleep, but find no rest;

The booms shine brightly overhead,

And into line each hour we're press'd,

As some scared sentinel in pain,

Fires on the phantom of his brain.

At daybreak, from a fort hard by,

A trumpet sounded long and loud;

And white flag waved upon the sky,

As we all gather'd in a crowd,

And hoped and fear'd, and hoped again ;
Some said a truce—all said Amen.
Our breakfast fare was scant to see,
We had no biscuit, meat, or flour ;
I had an ounce or two of tea,
And shared, as far as in my power ;
While brave old Black Hawk⁴⁸ roundly swore,
He ne'er had drank such tea before.
The herald from Ampudia came,
And this his modest proposition :
'That they should be allow'd to claim
Their arms, effects, and ammunition ;
And make a retrograde digression,
Leaving the town in our possession.
The streets had swam with human gore,
The enemy had bravely fought ;
Our chieftain weigh'd the matter o'er,
And felt as every soldier ought ;
Their fallen fortunes he respects,
And gives their side-arms and effects.
Premising ere a week moved round,
They should evacuate the place ;
And be by Rinconardi bound,
With sixty following days of grace ;

Until each government respective,
Should make or peace or war elective.
The sun lay bright on Fort and Tower,⁴⁹
The morn the vanquish'd left the town ;
I saw them at an early hour,
Pacing the Plazo up and down ;
A weary grief press'd on each breast,
Of home, pride, honor disposest.
And as the regiments form'd to start,
And filed along the crowded square ;
Deep anguish seem'd to fill each heart,
And women wept their march to share,
Or threw them in the wild steeds' way,
And begg'd one other moment's stay.
Around them wives and sisters clung,
And breathed the wailings of despair ;
And o'er them wounded warriors hung,
And bless'd them with the Virgin's care ;
And as they wheel'd away to part,
Faintness seem'd shrouding every heart.
Some stood like statues carved in silent grief,
Some wrung their hands—or wildly tore their hair ;
And some in gentle tears found sweet relief,
While others madly raved, in chafed despair ;

The picture left its impress deep in pain,
Nor would I witness such a scene again.
A dull, dark weariness hangs now
Upon our army's listless brow,
While every thought is tax'd to find
Some pleasing pastime for the mind.
A lovely grove of evergreen;
Is chosen for our camping scene;
Through which a brooklet winding flows,
With violets bank'd, and trailing rose.
A pleasure spot, by grandeur bound,
In amphitheatre around;
Where mountains hugely towering rise,
And break the clouds to breast the skies.
And merrily the axe resounds
In echoes, through the live oak bounds;
While hewing out an open glade,
That leaves on either side a shade.
'Tis curious to observe the change,
Like magic, wrought o'er that wide range.
As DUERSON,⁵⁰ the brave and free,
Spares neither shrub, nor root, nor tree;
The wildwood waving in the morn,
Ere evening's shade becomes a lawn,

For games of pleasure, or parade,
Or drill, this smooth sweet lawn is made.
Before the Colonel's tent waves wide
Our silken flag,⁵¹ the regiment's pride;
For many a lip breathed many a prayer,
When that flag came within our care;
And many an eye beam'd many a smile,
And many a tear-gem dropp'd the while;
And many a throb heaved many a heart,
When the last order came to part;
And many a pillow'd knapsack knew
The tears that fond affection drew.
Camp duties o'er, our men in part,
With sports athletic cheer the heart;
Foot-ball, or bandy, or such games
As suit their varied tastes or claims;
Some read, or write, or ride, or walk,
Or pass the hour in chit-chat talk;
Or wondering if the look'd for mail,
Will bring home-letters without fail;
While some—though interdicted—run
To dice, or cards, though what is won
Is but the fortune of a day,
To be as idly thrown away.

While others, whom I most deplore,
Lie daily in their tents, and snore,
Uncomb'd, unwash'd, unnought, save fed,
Like hogs, upon their filthy bed:
And now a protest is laid down,
Keeping all idlers from the town;
Quarrels and murders have arisen,
In spite of punishments or prison:
While some will fain retaliate
Unjustly, perhaps, their comrade's fate;
For oh, it stirs the blood to know,
A friend slain by a common foe;
To hear him gasp, or see him die
In wild convulsive agony.
And thus prevention is well meant,
To save both crime and punishment.
'Tis in such vagrant hours as these,
When home delights no longer please,
Affection's soft refreshing shower
Comes o'er the mind with angel power.
How'er we're placed, where'er we rove,
The heart craves something still to love;
And well may I on friendship's shrine,
Pour this warm incense-lay of mine;

From youth to age, my wand'rings blend,
And yet I never lack'd a friend ;
And even here, 'mid forests rude,
I owe deep debts of gratitude,
More deep, far more than I can tell,
To Shepherd, Boyd, Clay, and Caldwell,⁵²
With Rogers, Hardin, and McKee,
Cutter, Kinkead and Dougherty,
Akin, Roseau, and McAbee ;
With gen'rous Marshall, that brave bear,
Who wept the battle storm to share,
While hurrying on from Monterey,
The gun, to Buena Vista's fray.
But why, invidiously name,
When the whole corps holds equal claim ?
'Tis sweet at morn or close of day,
Along the winding brook to stray ;
By where the cannon glitt'ring bright,
Shine in the slanting yellow light ;
And listen when the bugle's tale,
Winds its soft echoes down the vale,
Or on, where many a gallant steed,
Neighs to his mates, or champs his feed ;
As hitch'd to well-stretch'd cords, they show
Their stately forms in many a row ;

Their riders, glossing o'er with pride,
The lofty crest and shining hide,
Or petting them in wanton play,
As wears their leisure hours away.
These, these are troops, a noble band,
Of lofty mien, and ready hand;
And well their General, on parade,
May gaze in pride o'er his brigade;
And oh! I love to see him pace
Along the lines, with martial grace;
His eye of fire, and cheek of glow,
And forehead broad, and locks of snow;
Of noble, frank, and generous heart,
That bears in every breast a part;
And ne'er may troops for leader fear,
Against a foe, when Twiggs is near.
Close in one corner of this camping-ground,
Where just a few clipt bushes grow around,
I often pause—and mark with more than pride,
The neatest tent of all I see beside;
And well it may be, for a woman's care,
With nicest tact has waken'd order there;
I love to see the little busy thing,
With pail or pitcher, tripping to the spring,

And often wonder that so slight a form,
Should sheathe a soul could face the battle-storm ;
Or how she bears the task, day after day,
From well-worn shirts to wash the soil away.
Her little daughter, too, of fairy mould,
With golden locks, and scarcely ten years old,
Sits sewing by the tent's half open'd wing,
While passers ling'ring pause to hear her sing.
See, with what love she clasps her father's hand—
A bugler he, in General Twiggs's band.

Now the Great Western⁵³ stalks with stately stride
From tent to tent, in merry laughing pride ;
'Tis said, a kinder or a braver heart
Than hers, in woman's bosom ne'er held part ;
Unawed in battle, on amid the slain,
She sought the wounded, to assuage their pain ;
And if *one folly* clings around her name,
May not her virtues cancel all the shame ?

Hark ! 'tis the band, in cadent varying note,
From vale to mountain winds its brazen throat ;
Now gushing in full tones on airy wing,
Now softly sighing, and now echoing,
While "Hail, Columbia," warbles on the gale,
Or "Yankee Doodle" tells its home-breathed tale ;

Such music lingers long o'er feeling's ear,
And whispers pleasures memory holds dear.

'Tis beautiful, at eventide,

To see the moon in silver glide.

Above the mountain's purple brow,

And catch her soft-wing'd beams, as now ;

How sweetly tremulous they lay,

Upon the streamlet's rippling play,

Or nestle down, and, sleeping, rest

Upon the glad tent's snowy breast.

On such sweet eves, so pure and bland,

With violin and tabor—band—

And castinets, the guards⁵⁴ are seen

Dancing cotillions on the green ;

The sets are form'd, the *ladies* placed,

And each observance duly graced ;

While polish'd ball-room ne'er has known,

More courtesy than here is shown ;

And if imagined ladies can

So change the sterner mood of man,

How much may real ones aspire,

To mould him as they may desire.

Down where yon ranch, seen through the tall wild weeds,
Shows its rude front and moss-grown roof of reeds ;

A rural cot, with wattled fence around,
Enclosing yard, and wide spread garden ground;
A wicker gate, with leathern hinges hung,
Half hides itself the shrubs and flowers among:
The path o'ergrown with herbs of dainty treat,
Breathes a warm fragrant welcome 'neath the feet.
Here the rich fig-tree and the golden lime
In tempting beauty kiss the sunny clime.
The citron blossoms, and the orange throws
Its mingling perfume o'er the sweet musk-rose.
Before the cot a low, rude porch is seen,
By cypress shaded and the wild glicine,
With entrance open, for no envious door
Hides the rude skins that mat the grounded floor:
Where groups of children, tawny-skin'd, and nude,
Are wildly wallowing in their gamesome mood.
Around the wall, in gaudy coarse display,
Hang pictured saints that calendar each day;
With figures of the Saviour, cased in glass,
The Virgin Mary, and the priests at mass.
No window throws a grateful light within,
But through the chinks stray sunbeams struggle in,
Disclosing in one corner—fain to hide,
Ten naked puppies by their mother's side.

A few red embers cast a glow around,
From out a small scoop'd hollow in the ground,
On which a bowl with minced meat simmering o'er,
Exhales strange odor from its spicy store,
Stirr'd by a crone,⁵⁵ whose wither'd form appears
Bent down by weight of care, and countless years;
Deep furrow'd lines of intersected trace,
Meet in a thousand wrinkles on her face;
A face inhuman, from its monstrous size,
Its low, dark, hairy forehead, and dull eyes;
Her bony, skinny hands of giant mould,
Match well her feet, whose breadth can scarce be told.
Her jaws protruding, and receding chin,
A baboon's features, with a corpse-like skin;
Her head uncover'd, with short bristling hair,
And shoulders broad, with neck and bosom bare;
And there she squats; the feeble, glimmering flame
Reflecting ghastly horror o'er her frame.
Idly reclined, upon a broad, rough hide,
A gay gallant looks on in restless pride;
His dark eye flashing on a form of grace,
That sylph-like, glides in beauty round the place;
His coal black barb neighs proudly at the door,
And shaggy mastiff stretches on the floor;

A small cigar lays on his pale thin lip,
Unsmoked, and cased within a golden tip ;
His well glazed hat with band of leopard skin,
And shadowing rim clasp'd close beneath his chin ;
His braided jacket loosely falls away
From snowy plaits, that on his bosom lay :
His well wrought trowsers—open from the knee,
Disclose his drawers, white, and loosely free ;
His richly hilted dirk, with silver case
Invested, in his bosom finds a place,
And pond'rous spurs with rowel points of steel,
Are strapp'd uniquely on his booted heel ;
While all about him shows a polish'd grace,
And seals its truth upon his meaning face.
Heard you that sigh from out his heaving breast ?
Saw you those dark eyes on that maiden rest ?
Oh how he loves her ! deep affections cling
Round foster'd hopes, that crowd on memory's wing ;
How oft with her in childhood's blissful hours,
He sought the wildest glens, for sweetest flowers ;
Twined them in wreaths amid the jetty flow
Of ringlets, waving o'er that neck of snow.
Bore her light form o'er brook, or forest stiles,
And kiss'd her lips, like rubies set in smiles ;

Watch'd her dark eyes when evening's slanting beams,
Threw their rich light across the rippling streams;
Waking the vision of long future days,
In one warm, pleading, ardent, heartfelt gaze.

Her graceful form bends o'er her lover now,
One bright tress shading her pale polish'd brow;
Her liquid eyes, dark in their gem-like light,
Shine from his soul dim sorrow's chilling night;
Her dewy lips and cheek of changing hue,
Where rose-buds thrust their crimson beauties through,
And bloom in smiles; her words o'er her lips play,
As they had kiss'd sweet music on their way;
While angel loveliness and fairy grace,
Blend every beauty o'er her form and face;
Weaving a mesh so subtle round the heart,
'Tis more than agony, 'tis death to part.

Land of the beautiful, shaded by gloom,
Where slaves hug their chains, and the brave find a tomb;
Where despots unsheathe the red blade of their power,
And faction and blood guide the wheels of each hour;
Where the stripling of Freedom a nursery built,
To cradle Hope's earliest childhood in guilt,
Wrench'd off in its frenzy the shackles of Spain,
To forge them at home, and to rivet the chain.

Too feeble to hold, and too frail to enjoy,
The blessings that dawn'd o'er a long Winter's sky,
Ye hug the dark mantle that ignorance wove,
And wrap superstition in folds of its love,
Throw shadow and gloom o'er the altars of light,
And smother their sparks in the darkness of night;
Still hugging your chains, while the battle-field's breath
Sweeps over your limbs the cold fetters of death.

Now trace the wreck extending from Marin,⁵⁶
Where forest shadows cloud the gory scene;
Our glad return for miles show'd heaps of slain,
All scorch'd and black'ning strew'd along the plain.
Months have roll'd by since slaughter came this way,
And yet unburied, there our comrades lay.
Here formless trunks, and there a sever'd limb,
Or head half skeleton'd, and glaring grim.
Here cinder'd bones lay strew'd, where late the fire
Of burning wagons form'd their funeral pyre;
Such slaughter on our troops and teamsters made,
Woke a deep vengeance, dearly, promptly paid.

Now village after village on our way,
Shows roofless houses and black walls of clay;

The sword and faggot spared nor youth nor age,
Nor sex, nor ought could glut unbridled rage.
The widow'd mother weeping, trembling hies,
To where her husband's mangled body lies,
Wipes from his matted locks the crimson gore,
And glues her lips to those that breathe no more ;
Hears from afar the foe's relentless cry,
And turns her to the forest glade to die ;
Where howling wolves may more of pity show
Than man, whose hands imbrued in blood, can know.
O when will mercy spread her wings of love,
And the wide world her mild dominion prove,
And every man from nature's circling chain,
Break the last link that gives a brother pain ?

NOTES.

1. GENERAL TAYLOR's tent was made of the same kind of materials, and fashioned like those of the privates, without even a fly or outer spread over it.

2. Major McCollough and Captain Gillespie of the Texas Rangers. Captain Gillespie was killed on the storming of the Bishop's Castle, and was buried temporarily where he fell; and permit me here a few lines from my notes relative to his grave.

"While lingering around the ramparts of the Castle, I observed a file of regulars, bearing spades and pick-axes towards the extreme western part of the mount; and having before learned that the brave and intrepid Captain Gillespie had fallen and was buried in that direction, I joined them, and found their object to be so far to remove the earth from his grave, as to ascertain whether the sacred deposit had been intruded upon.

"After throwing up some two feet of soil and mouldered rock, we came to a blanket, which with feelings of awe and even veneration, we carefully unwrapped, finding only a pile of bones and bandages huddled together and enveloped within its folds:

"Without disturbing their position, they were again shrouded within their frail covering, and a mound raised over them, with heavy rocks piled upon it, sufficient to secure it from further molestation.

"My feelings were much wrought upon, and finding a smooth board, I wrote, though in hasty and unenduring characters, the following inscription, which I placed at the head of the grave:

"Here rest the remains of the gallant Captain Gillespie, of Texas

Rangers, who died, fighting bravely at the head of his company, on September 22d, 1846.

Here a soldier, reclines, from his duties relieved,

Who fought 'till life's current was spent,

Death envied the laurels the Hero received,

And bade him retire to his tent.

"The depredators in this sacrilege had no doubt been wolves; and I learned afterwards, that a party of his own company, finding his remains exhumed, had gathered them together and reinterred them as we found them."

3. Captains Smith and Scott of Artillery, acting as Infantry. Lieutenant Longstreet, 8th Infantry.

4. Colonel Duncan, Light Artillery.

5. Colonel Childs of the Artillery Battalion.

6. Colonel Staniford.

7. Lieutenant Ayers, of Colonel Child's Regiment. Lieutenant Ayers was said to have been the first man to lower the enemy's flag on the Castle walls.

8. Captain Vinton, and Lieutenant Halloway.

9. Captain Shrivner, and Lieutenants Merchant and Wainwright.

10. Captain Montgomery.

11. Lieutenant Rowland, who had one of Duncan's Howitzers dragged up the steep side of the hill or mountain, and with it opened a heavy fire upon the Palace Fort.

12. Lieutenants Nichols, sons of Judge Nichols, of Louisiana.

13. Major General Bliss, Assistant Adjutant General, and aid to the Commander-in-Chief.

14. Brigadier General Quitman.

15. The River San Juan, flowing near the Forts where the greatest struggles were made.

16. Lieutenant-Colonel McClung, of Mississippi Regiment.

17. Colonel Watson, of the Baltimoreans, who, on his own regiment's retrogression, joined the Ohians, and died cheering them on to victory.

Genl. Longstreet C. S. A.
Gen Kirby Smith C. S. A.

18. Major P. N. Barbour, 3d Infantry.
19. Captain Williams, Topographical Engineers. Lieutenants Terret, Wood and Irwin; and Captains Morriss and Field.
20. Captain Allen, Lieutenants Putnam, Heft, Hoskins, Dilworth and Hazlet.
21. Captain Bainbridge, Lieutenant Bowen, Major G. A. Caldwell, Quartermaster of the first Kentucky Volunteer Infantry. I cannot here withhold my warmest thanks, nor enough express the gratitude I feel for the many kindnesses received at this gentleman's hands, whose countenance, tent, table, and purse, were ever at my service; and death alone can wipe the deep obligations from my remembrance.
22. Major Mansfield, Colonel Mitchell, Captain Smith, Major Price.
23. Adjutant Herman, Sergeant Major Harlan, Captain Dowing and Aid-de-camp Lay.
24. Captain Cooper and Lieutenant Russel.
25. Lieutenant-Colonel Weller and General Lamar.
26. Tice, a private in Company K, of Mississippi, Captain Henry, 3d Infantry, Major L. Thomas, Assistant Adjutant General; Captain Johnson, Ohians.
27. Generals Twiggs and Henderson, and Major Lear.
28. Colonels Davies and Campbell, and Lieutenant-Colonel McClung.
29. Lieutenant-Colonels Garland and Wilson.
30. Major Abercrombie, Lieutenant Moore, and Adjutant Armstrong.
31. Lieutenants Patterson and Calhoun, Captain Lamotte.
32. Lieutenants Scudder, Graham and Howard.
33. Major Alexander, Lieutenant-Colonel Anderson.
34. Lieutenant Hooker, Captain Johnson.
35. Captain Webster, Major Bliss and Captain Wagaman.
36. Captain Ridgely, Lieutenant Donaldson and Major Craig.
37. Colonel May, Colonel Whiting, and Colonel Belknap.
38. Colonel Croghan, Inspector-General of the U. S. Army. I

Brig Gen Brown Conf. H. S.
 Maj Gen, Williams U. S. A. dead.
 Jeff Davis Pres. U. S. A. x Comd. Soldier.
 Gen Garland U. S. A.
 Maj Gen Abercrombie U. S. A.

must not omit here, in justice and gratitude to this brave and humane officer, an incident characteristic of the noble and generous feelings that had always rendered him a favorite, both with the army and the public at large.

It was in the dusk of the evening, on the eve of the morning on which the Mexican troops were to leave Monterey, in compliance with the armistice entered into after the battle, that I met on the Market Plaza with a Mexican soldier, who, hailing me in good English, began to give me his opinions upon the late victory. He said he was a native of Philadelphia, but had been three years in the Mexican service. He observed we might have won the city much easier than we did, had we but fought aright; all our men, he contended, fired too high, and we deserved but little credit for the result. These and many other observations to the same purpose, gave me to know how little his sympathies were with his countrymen and native home.

On my attempting to part from him, he entreated me to bear him company among the ruins, or to the Mexican Quarters, and finally to a house of entertainment at some distance, where he offered to procure for me some fine old brandy. By this time a number of other Mexican troops had gathered around, and seemed inclined, by laying their hands on me, to use force, should I refuse compliance with their comrade's request. I now began to fancy my situation rather precarious, when to my great satisfaction, Colonel Croghan passing near the spot, and catching enough of the conversation to imagine my danger, stepped into their midst, and taking me by the arm, led me towards the quarters of our regulars, my own being three miles distant, where I had given to me a good supper, a blanket, a knapsack for pillow, and the floor of their temporary barrack for the night; and next morning one of the privates observing that I was nearly bare-footed—for I had worn off the sole from one of my own shoes, and had picked up an odd one in the street—gave me a good pair that exactly fitted, and I shall not easily forget such kindness, hospitality, and generosity to an entire stranger.

On leaving them next morning by sunrise, I again met with Colonel Croghan, now on horseback, who hailed me, requesting to be shown his way to where he could procure some wine, and also giving me money to purchase for him a gourd, which I soon obtained from one of the Mexican soldiers. I then led him to the Spanish Consul's, who keeps the largest grocery in the city, from which he purchased what he needed.

A little incident occurred within the store-room that showed the Colonel's tenacity of memory, and also the generosity of his feelings.

In one corner, sitting upon a barrel, and looking most despondingly way-worn, sat an old weather-beaten American soldier. I noticed the Colonel eyeing him for some time with unusual interest; at length he stepped up to where the old veteran sat, exclaiming, "Why, Joe, is that you, old fellow? can you be alive yet? Ten years must have passed since last I saw you. Come up, come up, and take some wine."

Joe rose, shook his old officer by the hand—for they had fought side by side in by-gone days—wiped a tear from the furrows of his dark rough cheek with the soiled sleeve of his ragged coat, and said, "Wine, Colonel, may do very well for some stomachs; but with your leave, I would rather take something a little stronger." Aquadienta was ordered, and Joe, pouring out a brimming tumbler full, tossed it down his throat without a single twist in his countenance, saying, "Well, Colonel, we have been side by side years ago in a worse fix than this;" and ended by requesting the loan of fifty cents. The Colonel handed him a dollar, urging him not to mention or think of its repayment.

39. Major Van Buren, Captain Smith, Lieutenants Scarret and Pope.

40. Lieutenant Garnet, Majors Kirby and Monroe.

41. While the battle was raging, a beautiful Mexican woman was seen carrying water to the wounded; and while on this errand of mercy, by some inadvertence she was struck by a musket shot, and died clasping the body of her supposed husband.

42. Bena and Freeman, privates in Company K, of the 1st Ohians.

43. The Cathedral was filled with ammunition by the Mexicans, while the crowds of citizens, both men, women and children having become frantic from fear, gathered around it, and had the shells of General Worth broken through the roof, how awful would have been the slaughter on its explosion.

44. Captain Ramsey, who commanded the battery against the Citadel, or Black Fort. It was his custom after each discharge, to run up the slope of the hill, between the mortar and the Fort, and ascertain from thence its effects; he was enabled to do this from the great distance the shot had to be fired. On the occasion spoken of the Mexican Lancers had formed in a heavy and dense body, for the purpose of attacking our position, when, the shell falling in their midst, so slaughtered and disconcerted them, that they fled in confusion within the walls of the Fort, and from that moment made no further show of attack.

45. Major Shepherd, of the 1st regiment of Kentucky Infantry, who, on the death of General Hamar, the absence of Colonel Ormsby, and the governorship of Lieutenant-Colonel Rogers, held the command of the brigade, and a braver soldier, with a kinder heart, or a more generous and gentlemanly man, was not known in the whole army. I am deeply indebted to his kindness. He was my friend on all occasions: made me his orderly sergeant and tent mate; granted me every indulgence within his power, and honored me with his correspondence until his death, which happened in Louisville during the past summer, 1850, to the deep sorrow of his former comrades and many friends.

46. To Fort Teneria near the San Juan River, where one of the fiercest struggles had been made that had happened during the battle.

47. On General Butler's retiring to camp after his being wounded, he ordered all the camp equipage to be packed within the baggage-wagons, in readiness for retreat, in the event of the battle proving against us.

48. Lieutenant-Colonel Rogers was frequently called Black Hawk, from his having served with much efficiency and distinction in the Black Hawk War.

49. (From my Note Book.) About 8 o'clock, A. M., the Mexican troops began to throng the Market Square, preparatory to their departure; and I was much amused and astonished at the number of pets they had in their possession. There were dogs of all breeds and sizes, monkeys, parrots, and even small singing birds in cages. One fellow had a young leopard, quite tame, a beautifully spotted creature, for which he asked only two dollars. Some of their pointer-dogs were very beautiful, and could have been bought for a mere song. One, especially, I coveted much, on account of its seeming sagacity, and symmetry of form; its price was one dollar; but, alas, I had no money, and perhaps it was best I had not, for its master seemed distressed enough, without parting from a friend so beautiful and playfully affectionate.

As regiment after regiment formed into line, and answered the greetings of their friends and wounded comrades, who had gathered around to bid them adieu, and witness their melancholy departure, I could not help reflecting how much more distress we would have known, had the fortune of war reversed our situations.

Their horses are small, but active and vigorous, without the strength of ours; and the Lancers would certainly have but little chance in a charge against our cavalry.

These Lancers are more taudrily than well-dressed, with short-waisted, narrow-tailed jackets of blue or green, embroidered with gold or silver lace.

Their hats are mostly of leather, formed after the old military fashion, peaked at the crown, with a small tip of leather in front, and the whole tasselled off in fine style. Some, however, wear caps of cloth, in the form of a half-circle, the circular part sewed around and left open for the head at the base, while the peak is worn in front.

Their lances are about ten feet long, with a steel spear at the head,

and a leathern thong at the opposite end, which is attached to the wrist, in use; these they hurl with great precision, and being such expert horsemen, were they brave as they are dexterous, they would prove themselves more dangerous opponents.

Many wounded Mexicans are walking the streets, while here and there a blind man or cripple is importuning the passers by for alms.

Barefooted, dirty, slovenly women, old and young, with shawls over their heads, throng the squares, or hang around the Muscale Dogerys, with a quarto-rial or 3 cent piece in their fingers, chattering for the fire-water, or elbowing each other from the counter, seeking to get first served.

These women, I learn, are the sweethearts and wives of the soldiers, and it made my heart ache to see the poor wretches, as the troops left the city, wringing their hands, the big tears coursing each other down their cheeks, in all the agony of mental suffering: many hanging around the knees of the distressed soldiers, caring nothing for the danger of being trampled upon by the horses; following on for a square or two as the regiments filed off, then throwing themselves upon the curbstones of the pavements, and giving up to the full anguish of their lacerated affections.

50. Major Duerson of the Commissary Department, late of the Oldham Foresters, a company in the 2d Kentucky Regiment. He had been an officer under General Jackson at the battle of New Orleans, and was one of the most indefatigable, gentlemanly, and business-like soldiers I ever met with. He had the management of the parade-ground.

51. The flag of the Louisville Legion. Presented to the regiment by Miss Sallie Ward.

52. Majors Shepherd and Boyd, Lieutenant-Colonel Clay, Major Caldwell, Lieutenant-Colonel Rogers; Rowan Hardin, an independent volunteer, and afterwards captain of a company to the city of Mexico. Lieutenant-Colonel McKee, Captain Cutter, Lieutenant Kinkad, Captain Dougherty, Lieutenant Akin, Sergeant Roseau, Private McAbee; and Brigadier General Marshal, who had charge

of one 18. pounder gun from Monterey to Saltillo, but after using every exertion, failed in arriving in time for the battle, and it is said wept like a child at the failure.

53. A gigantic, brave and kind-hearted female, who followed the fortunes of the American army.

54. The Guards, Company A, of Louisville Legion, commanded by the brave and gentlemanly Captain Harper.

55. Stirred by a crone. A well known character often seen squatting about the market, or hobbling along the streets with a stick in her hand, and basket upon her arm. She was said to have been 140 or 150 years of age.

56. About 6 miles on this side of Marin, our train of wagons was attacked by the Mexicans, on February 23, 1847, and overwhelmed by the superiority of their numbers, more than a hundred of our men perished.

The train was commanded by Lieutenant Barbour, of the Oldham Foresters, 1st Kentucky Infantry, who was taken prisoner. I saw the burning of the wagons on the night of the 24th, from the roof of our quarters in Marin, whither I had gone with Major Shepherd, who had marched at the head of 3 companies of the 1st Kentuckians, and 2 of Ohians, with 2 small field-pieces, to assist Lieutenant-Colonel Irwin, who with 150 men was surrounded in Marin by a body of from six to eight hundred Lancers. Our entrance to town, about midnight, was disputed by the enemy, and our piquet guards fired upon. Immediately our field-pieces raked both flanks, it is said with considerable slaughter, and we entered town without loss, much to the satisfaction of the besieged.

Miscellaneous Poems.



TO

A. S. M'GRORTY, ESQ.

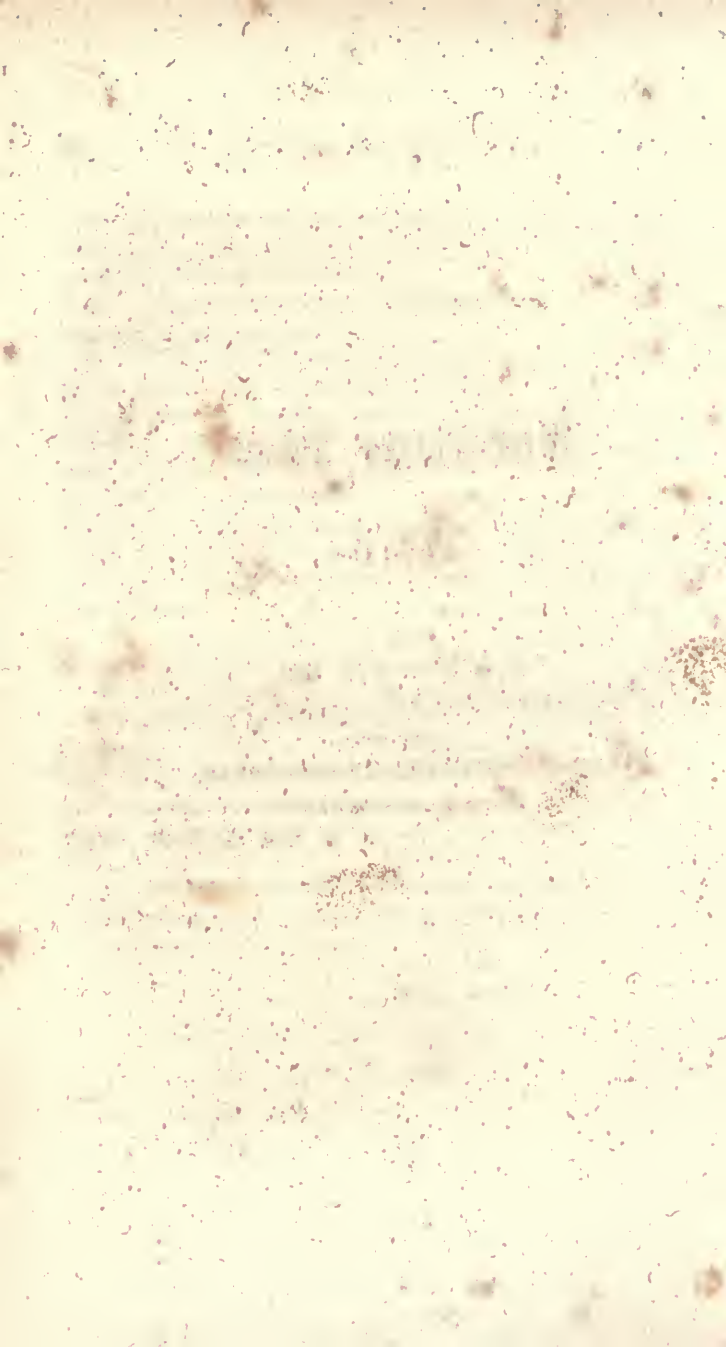
AND TO THE NUMEROUS SUBSCRIBING PATRONS TO THESE POEMS,

THEY ARE

MOST RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED,

BY THEIR OBLIGED FRIEND,

THE AUTHOR.



THE ADVISING WISH.

TO MISS M. S. C. L . . .

I COME like the breath of the lilies and roses,
From the beautiful groves where the bulbul reposes ;
O'er the bosom of nature, gold-woven in green,
With a fairy fraught wish to the bower of my queen ;
And I urge by the fervor and brightness of youth,
By the pureness of virtue, and beauty of truth ;
By childhood's young love, and the tenderness taught,
As a mother smiled over our earliest thought ;
By the fairy-like visions that float on our sky,
When the future has hung out her banner of joy ;
By the first little flowret we meet in the spring,
By its beauties, and by the sweet thoughts it will bring ;
By the dawn of affection—so thrilling to me,
That taught my young heart its devotion to thee ;
By sympathy's tears, as they tremblingly flow
O'er the rose cheek of youth at the heavings of woe ;
By the lute-breathing softness of earliest love,
As it tunes like the wind-harp its passion to prove ;

By the depths of the ocean, the breadth of the sky,
By the wild thrill that bursts from the bosom of joy;
By the glances that softly, impulsively steal
From the fountains of light—as they pleasure reveal;
By the lone stars that break through the azure above,
Like diamonds besprent o'er the vesture of love;
By the glances of faith that in sympathy fly,
And reflect like a mirror each impulse of joy;
By the sun when he smiles from a cloud amid showers,
By the tints of the rainbow and breathings of flowers;
By the moonbeams we loved in our earliest youth,
As they chequer'd the hawthorn that trysted our truth;
By the pearls of the ocean, and gems of the earth,
By the yearnings maternal that woke at our birth;
By all that is beautiful—all that is bright,
By the glory of day, and the grandeur of night;
By the whisp'rings of awe that the spirit enshrouds,
As eternity, folding, rolls onwards her clouds;
By the discord that jars o'er the lute of despair,
When adversity's hand is too rudely laid there;
By the smile and the tear, that comes tremblingly by,
Companionship strange, from the fountain of joy;
By the hope, the great hope, the last hope that we feel,
Ere the angel of fate breaks eternity's seal;

And the breadth of the future lays open and bare,
A bright vision of bliss, or broad gulph of despair;
Oh, plume the young hopes of thy future, to rise
'Mid bright summer gardens that bloom in the skies;
Where perennial roses are trellised in light,
And the glory of love spreads her wings over night;
Where angels and cherubs wing through the bright bowers,
That circlingly spread in a rainbow of flowers;
In the spring time of youth, ere the rose leaves are shed,
Or the frosts of the winter lay hoar on thy head;
Ere the sparkles that dance in thy beautiful eye
Gather feebly their last scintillations to die;
Like hope in her bridals of azure and white,
High, higher, still soaring embodied in light,
May thy young spirit climb by the cordage of love,
Until sympathy's chain be establish'd above;
And thy prayers, ascending this ladder of gold,
Bring back the rich blessing thine age shall unfold;
While silver wing'd spirits up-pinion thy flight,
To the beautiful home far away in the light.

FILIAL AFFECTION ;

OR

THE CAUSE AND CURE OF LOVE.

Written at the request of Lieutenant-Colonel Rogers, of the
Louisville Legion, while he held the office of
Governor of Monterey.

'Twas noon, as the governor, wending his way
From his home, through the streets of the famed Monterey.
His heart warm with love, for you well may divine
That a soldier's chief thoughts are war, women, and wine,
It chanced, that a lovely young creature reclined
In a window enclosure, her tresses to bind ;
He paused, and a smile on her lip seem'd to say,
I should like to take part of your duties away.
Her eyelids were fringed of the raven's dark dyes,
And lash'd the bright sparks from her beautiful eyes ;
How polish'd her brow, where the veins' purple flow
Ran bounding in health o'er its surface of snow :
Her tresses of jet floated wildly and wide,
So glossy and bright in their ringlets of pride ;
Her neck was all bare, and her bosom heaved wild,
In a tumult of passion, that spoke nature's child ;

And she seem'd scarce of earth, for the fervor of love
Gives a spirit to thoughts that in purity move.
Her fairy form, moulded in beauty and grace,
Seem'd to float like a sylph on the light wings of space ;
Her trim little foot, and her ancle—but oh,
I shall die of sheer pleasure if further I go ;
Then shroud such rare beauties in silence and night,
For the senses grow sick, in excess of delight.
The governor pass'd—and his business o'er,
He return'd the same route he had gone by before,
And his heart leap'd with joy as he reach'd the glad spot,
Which, if mark'd on love's chart, can be never forgot.
Crack, crack,—and he listen'd ; crack, crack, came again,
Like musketry firing far over the plain ;
And oh what a sight his affection to smother ;—
The mother and daughter were louseing each other.

I HAVE BEEN TRUE TO THEE.

'I HAVE been true to thee,' no earthly thought
Ere pass'd the sentinel of hopes or fears,
But thou wert still its password, thou hast wrought
The hues of life to rainbows—spanning years,

Arches of beauty—set from smiles to tears ;
The young epitome of tenderness ;
That shines through sorrow, and the lone heart cheers ;
A ray of sunshine, coming but to bless
The o'ercharged heart, from pleasure's sweet excess.
'I have been true to thee,' when buds and flowers
In early spring-time oped their eyes and smiled ;
The rosy richness came like summer showers,
And breathed of thee ; I felt their fragrance wild
And lived on passion—a mere fairy child :
And thoughts of thee like some sweet, long known lay,
Bound by the tenderness of bygone years,
Around the chords of memory seem'd to play ;
Dissolving in the luxury of tears.
'I have been true to thee,' when sorrow wrought
Her web of darkness round my aching heart ;
When hopes were spectres unto palsied thought,
And bitter tears had blotted memory's chart ;
When every feather upon fancy's wing
Was scatter'd like the snow-flakes on the blast,
Each thought of thee its lovely rays would bring,
Like blushing morning, to light up the past.
'I have been true to thee,' so true, alas,
My world of future lives but in my dreams ;

My Eden thou, where angel shadows pass,
And leave me floating in their silvery beams,
With heaven's own light quench'd in the meteor gleams.
The cherub-smiles from glories purified,
Like the lost pleiad, beam no more for me;
The stars of memory one by one have died,
And in the azure left but only thee.

ON THE DEATH OF MY MOTHER.

Time trips along, and day by day,
Steals all my cherish'd hopes away;
Those rainbow'd hopes, undimm'd by tears,
That arch'd with pride my early years.
No more the heart-lit smile of joy,
The warm embrace, the anxious sigh,
The fawn-like look, the hand of care
That led me to the house of prayer;
The well-remember'd song that stole
Like angel-music o'er my soul.
No more the letters o'er the sea,
Comes gemm'd with love's warm tears for me,

To tell of childhood's friends, and tales
Amusing, of my native vales.

'Tis o'er, the ties that bound me fast
To my loved home, are broke at last ;
I care not for thy gentle showers,
Thy bright green fields and rosy bowers ;
For what were all their beauteous glow,
Bereft of her who loved me so.

I could have wept my soul away,
Could tears have won thy longer stay ;
Or wring my heart with torturing pain,
Could anguish bring thee back again.
The mournful, smiling, tearful eye,
The half-breathed prayer, the bursting sigh,
The thrilling look when last we parted,
Too truly told thee broken-hearted.

Could I have seen thy fading form,
While bending 'neath the death-bed storm ;
Watch'd o'er thy couch, and 'tended thee,
Or heard thy last warm prayer for me ;
I would have kiss'd the heavenly smile
That lighted up thy face the while ;
Yes, thy last dying prayer, they say,
Blest the lone wand'rer far away :

Such faith, and hope, and strength were given,
Death's pangs were lost in view of heaven ;
Thy Saviour's love a halo spread
Of sunshine o'er thy dying bed,
Robb'd gloomy death of all its woes,
And soothed thee to thy last repose.

Come, gentle Peace, sweet stranger guest,
Come, make thine home within my breast,
And say, sweet nymph, why I alone
Thy fondling smiles have scarcely known ?
The sunshine of thy soft blue eye,
But points me to a far off joy,
And ere I reach the gilded prize,
The flattering vision fades and dies ;
Poor wounded Hope no more will bring
A shelter, 'neath her wearied wing ;
And Fancy in her heavenward flight,
Lags 'mid the dark'ning shades of night,
Or points me to my own loved isle,
And shows the well-remember'd smile.

In vain I view the bright blue sky,
The lowly vale, or mountain high ;
The gliding river, wild and free,
Deep, rushing to the broad-spread sea ;

The silent glen, the dimpling rill,
The woody glade, the gentle hill;
The gay, blithe bird, the bounding fawn,
The wild-rose peeping 'neath the thorn;
The eglantine, the violet blue,
The sparkling gems of morning's dew;
The deep, dark forest swathed in dun,
The crimson curtain'd evening's sun;
All nature blooms for me in vain,—
I feel no joy, I fear no pain.

What though a forced, unmeaning smile,
Light up my features for awhile,
'Tis but the flick'ring flame that plays,
To gild the lamp's last dying rays;
No hope for me, no pitying eye,
No love-warm tear, no gentle sigh;
No whisper'd prayer, no kindly hand
To guide me in a stranger land.
The few gay flowers I chance to see,
Fade, droop, and die, when nursed by me;
The chords of soul untuned remain,
Or only wake to notes of pain;
While jaded memory turns to thee,
Thou loved one, o'er the dark, deep sea,

LINES

ON THE DEATH OF THE LAMENTED JOHN M. HARRISON, WHO FELL
A VICTIM TO A FALSE CODE OF HONOR.

He is gone to his home, and tho' sorrow o'ertook him,
It came as the crucible comes to the gold;
It came like the breeze o'er the buds, as it shook him
His virtues like rose-leaves began to unfold.

He felt that his Saviour had smiled o'er his sorrow,
He saw the white wings of his pardon unfold;
And he look'd up aloft to that beautiful morrow,
Whose morning is curtain'd with crimson and gold.

The angel of mercy had breathed o'er his error,
In eloquence fresh from the fountain of love;
The death he had dared was disarmed of its terror,
And now his freed spirit sleeps sweetly above.

WHAT IS LIFE?

What is life? the wounded mind—
The spirit broken and confined;
The faded form, the soul's deep strife,
In echoes answer—what is life?

What is life? a broken chain,
A weary road, a couch of pain ;
A few faint blessings little prized,
A thousand hopes unrealized.

What is life? a bank of flowers,
Withering and unnurst by showers ;
A winter's sun, whose quivering beam
Sheds but a momentary gleam.

What is life? a shower of tears,
A shorten'd round of misspent years ;
A dream that's broken ere its close,
A battle scene 'mid hosts of foes.

What is life? its tinsell'd toys
Are but the mock of real joys ;
A play where gaudy groups are seen,
And death presides to drop the scene.

WHY PART WE IN SORROW?

Why part we in sorrow? thine image shall be,
'Mid the din of the battle, a beacon to me ;
Like an angel, thy spirit shall shield me unseen,
And when death points his sword throw a buckler between

Why part we in sorrow? affection may lay,
These pearls on our cheek, but to smile them away;
While the cherub of hope wafts her wings over pain,
And whispers in music we'll soon meet again.

THERE'S A DEAR LITTLE THIEF.

A SONG.

There's a dear little thief that has stolen my heart,
And leads me a troublesome chase;
And Cupid refuses the use of his dart,
To gain for me her's in its place.

Oh, stop her, and kindly persuasions impart,
To save me the pain I so dread;
And coaxingly win her to give me *her* heart,
And take *me* with mine in its stead.

I have pass'd me unscathed 'mid the battle's wild roar,
Where the bombs hid the blue of the skies;
But believe me, I shrink 'mid the danger far more,
From a battery of beautiful eyes.

Then stop the young thief while I gather the chain,
Wrought out by the vulcan of love ;
And Hymen shall rivet together the twain,
And bliss the sweet bondage approve.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

The slumber of death closed thy beautiful eyes,
And thy bosom lay pulseless and cold ;
The bud of thy spirit was borne to the skies,
In the garden of love to unfold.
Thou art laid in the grave, and the incense of flowers
Is breathed from the turf o'er thy bed ;
And wild birds are carolling lays in the bowers,
That weave themselves over thy head.
The span of thy life was contracted by pain,
Yet now thou art happy and free ;
And eternity's tide will unite us again,
Then why should we sorrow for thee ?

THE BOWL.

Away, away, with the sparkling bowl,
Its blushes no longer shall me control ;
Its syren smiles would enchain my soul ;
Away, away

I have hung on its rosy lip for years,
Till its poisonous breath my memory sears ;
It embitter'd a dying mother's tears ;
Away, away

It branded my brow with the mask of care,
I hid in its folds, but the demon was there ;
I shrank from its grasp, but it whisper'd despair,
How dark, how dark.

But the eagle of hope in its glory once more,
With its broad spreading wings o'er my pathway shall soar,
And all nature open her beautiful store,
To cheer my way.

THE FLAG OF THE LOUISVILLE LEGION;

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO

MISS SALLIE WARD, OF LOUISVILLE, KY.

After the battle of Monterey, the first volunteer flag that waved from the battlements of the citadel, was the one presented to the Louisville Legion, by Miss S. Ward.

Float wide on the breeze where the battlements rise,
Between the proud mountains whose tops kiss the skies ;
Reflecting the hues of the rainbow, that glows
O'er the dark crimson current that gush'd from our foes.

Float on in thy beauty, unsullied by shame,
We received thee with pride and return thee the same ;
E'en the fire-breathing bomb bow'd its head when it came,
And the foe paid respect to the brave Legion's name.

Thou wert given in trust, and we guarded thee well,
Not a rent or a soil on thy folds can e'er dwell ;
'Twas an angel that gave thee, and God will prevent
A dishonor, or shame, on the blessing He sent.

ACROSTIC TO A MOTHER.

Ere time had taught my wandering feet to stray,
Like a lost bird, far from my home away,
In fond affection thou hast o'er me smiled,
Zeal warm'd thy heart, and blest thy wayward child.
And shall those moments ever be forgot,
When my loved home was deem'd a sacred spot?
My crowding mem'ry now brings back to view,
In rosy smiles, the playmates once I knew,
Like fairy dreams, in golden links they bind
Sweet thoughts, to mix with cares that crowd behind.
Tell me, my mother, dost thou think on me
Each day, as when I sat upon thy knee,
And thou wouldst part the curls upon my brow?
Dear mother, tell me, dost thou love me now?

DESPONDENCY.

Written on having broken the Temperance Pledge after four years' Abstinence.

I'm caring no more for my birds or my flowers,
Their music or breathings are painful to me;
For a dark cloud is cast o'er my wearisome hours,
And the wings of my spirit but sigh to be free.

Though error has cross'd like a blight o'er my heart,
And left me a wreck to remorse and to shame,
Are there no drops of pity the kind can impart,
To wash out the spot that has sullied my name?

Oh, yes, there are those of the kindest and best,
Whose smiles, like the sunshine, will lighten my soul,
On whose counsels my weak, wounded spirit may rest,
While they bear with my failings and pardon the whole.

Yet should the wide world cast its victim aside,
And after contrition no favor be shown;
The wing of my spirit shall cower in its pride,
And nest in a limited world of its own.

TO

Take back the rosy smile,
That sweetest smile of thine;
Oh take it, and make other hearts
As desolate as mine.

Take back the dewy tear,
And weep for others' woes,
Go, bid the bright gem linger where
The dew drops kiss the rose.

Take back those blissful hours,
Yet oh, 'tis death to part,
When memory wreathes her faded flowers
Around the breaking heart.

SONG.

AIR—"Oh no, I'll never mention him."

Come, listen to thy Mary's strain,
It breathes of love and joy,
To chase away the clouds of pain,
That flit o'er sorrow's sky.

To take thee back to happier hours,
When sunshine beam'd around,
And hope was twining buds and flowers,
In fancy's fairy ground.

Oh, does thy Mary love thee less
Since fortune fled thy bower?
And has thy babe no charm to bless
Life's dullest, darkest hour?

Come, cheer away the misty gloom,
That clouds thy brow with pain,
And summer skies, and summer's bloom,
Will make life bright again.

TO MAY.

Come, ever gentle May,
Thou flowery nymph of spring;
Whose smiles can make the valleys gay,
The merry woodlands ring;
Thy golden bosom bare display,
Thy softest, sweetest music bring.

Thy brow with blossoms crown'd,
Thy robes of green and blue;
The primrose ling'ring where thou'rt found,
With flowers of every hue,
To spread a couch for thee—sweet maid,
By some lone grot or rural shade.

Thine eye, the morning's ray,
Thy frown, the gentle breeze;

Thy smile, the sunny beams that play
Among the spicy trees :
Thine hopes, a show of fairy flowers,
Of glowing fruit, and gilded hours.

ACROSTIC.

TO M. T. N.

May rosy pleasures cluster round thee,
In their earliest, freshest bloom ;
Sorrow's shadows never bound thee,
Spreading darkness, care and gloom ;
May thy curtain'd eyelids close
Their jewels up in sweet repose ;
Nursing fairy dreams, that rise
Ethereal, 'mid brightest skies ;
Virtue, like an angel fair,
In beauty cradle thee with care ;
While from each bough of life is springing
Sweet blossoms, in wild fragrance clinging.

TO MY MOTHER.

The lingering buds of my youth,
Have bloom'd into flowers, and shed
The maythorn of beauty, that smiled over truth ;
My young dawn of pleasure is fled ;
Hope's smiles are betraying, and nothing beguiles,
Save a father's affection, a mother's fond smiles.

There's a poison beneath the world's smile,
Like thorns on the sweet summer rose ;
I gaze on its blushes with pleasure awhile,
And still it more beautiful grows ;
I snatch to my bosom the coveted prize,
Where, withering, drooping, it wounds as it dies.

Say, mother—though distant from thee,
Say dost thou not think on thy child,
With a smile, when his wish and his prospects agree,
With a tear, when all's gloomy and wild ?
I fancy I feel thy affection still speak,
In the warm, glowing kiss fancy placed on my cheek.

Farewell, thou hast loved me so true,
The world is forgiven in thee;
I'll smile on the envy that wounds me anew,
When I fancy thou smilest upon me;
For oh, thou hast loved me when friendship has flown,
With the world's share of love, and two shares of thine own.

EPIGRAM.

A bee, while hovering round a lip,
Where wit and beauty hung,
Mistook its bloom, and flew to sip,
But ah, the bee got stung.

LINES,

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY MRS. C. MARVIN. ON THE DEATH OF
HER MOTHER.

No mother, no friend! they have borne her away,
And laid her all helpless and cold in the clay;
No mother have I, but her spirit shall be,
'Till I follow her home, a kind beacon to me.

No mother, no friend,—the fire-side of my youth
Is invaded by strangers, deserted by truth ;
The smiles of affection that welcomed my stay,
All faded and fled, when they bore her away.

My mother, my friend, when I knew thy last breath
Had escaped from thy lips, 'mid the anguish of death,
In the frenzy of hope, as I hung o'er thy bed,
I would not, I could not, imagine thee dead.

Dear mother, farewell; when over thy tomb
The green grass shall grow, and the wild flowers bloom,
While sorrowing over my happier years,
I'll water their beautiful blossoms with tears.

SONG.

The wakening sun, with rosy hue,
Among the casement buds is peeping ;
The birds are carolling anew,
Yet thou, alas, my love, art sleeping.

Awake, awake,—the breathing morn,
O'er dewy rose and woodbine stealing,
Woos the sweet beauties newly born,
And blushes o'er the charms revealing.

Awake, and ope those liquid eyes,
That 'neath silk fringes hide their beaming ;
Awake in beauty, and surprise,
The infant sun's gay dawn of gleaming.

THE FIRST ROSES OF SPRING.

Ye are come my sad heart to beguile,
In the blush of your beautiful hue ;
The fairest and welcomest flowers that smile,
Within the wide arch of blue.

From Araby odors ye bring,
And ye steal the warm tints from the sky,
And scatter your pearly bright beauties in spring,
As if nature ne'er meant you to die.

The soft crimson blush of each lip,
'Mong the green leaves and buds that abound
Seems pouting in richness, and parted to sip
The dew that is falling around.

Ye bow to the breath of the Morn,
And cover his wings with perfume ;
And woo the gay bee in the earliest dawn,
To rest on your bosoms of bloom.

Ye have brought back the passion of love,
For a moment to warm my lone breast,
And pointed to undying roses above,
That smile through eternity's rest.

SMILES AND TEARS.

Bright are the smiles around rosy lips straying,
Half parted in sweetness, unknown to betraying,
Like Love in his beauty 'round may-flowers playing.
How bright are the smiles.

Sweet are the tears from the fountains of feeling,
When the blush of the soul brightens up at revealing
The sympathies treasured too long for concealing.
How sweet are the tears.

Yet sweeter, when meeting, like dew-drops on roses,
The smile drinks the tear, and a rainbow discloses,
Overarching the heart, where in love it reposes,
The gem of the soul.

TO SORROW.

Oh, Sorrow, thou weed of the mind,
Engender'd and darken'd by care;
Thou pale, wither'd wreath, for oppression to bind
Round the comfortless brow of despair;
Thou stealest from beauty its roses away,
While the life-blossoms, withering, droop and decay.

Oh, Sorrow, say why dost thou cling
So close to the bosom of pain;
Say, does not affliction sufficiently sting,
That thou should'st repeat it again?
And why from the heart, 'mid the anguish of years,
Dost thou ring thro' the eye the sad streamlets of tears?

Do, Sorrow, let innocence rest,
And smile upon childhood and youth;
Be gayety, folly, or beauty thy guest,
But favor the flowrets of truth;
Spare, spare the young branches their delicate form,
And break not the boughs that bend under the storm.

TO

I would not twine a wreath of flowers,
To grace my simple song ;
Their sweets are like love's fleeting hours,
Too bright to linger long,

May cheering Hope, with angel smile,
Throw sunbeams o'er your tears ;
And pleasure gild the path of toil,
Along the vale of years.

May every wish thy soul can know,
Affection's brightest ray,
Be thine—a lingering charm to throw
Around life's chequer'd way.

LINES

Written in Clifton Grove, near Nottingham, England, the favorite
haunt of the lamented HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

The blushes of morning had tinged the blue sky,
As I gazed on the beautiful scene ;
The wild-bird was teaching its nestlings to fly
O'er the flower-studded vista of green.

On its bosom the violet and king-cup appear'd,
And cowslips and primroses smiled ;
Where knots of dark blue-bells in beauty were rear'd,
And crimson-tipp'd daisies grew wild.

The gold-blossom'd furze, the maythorn its bloom ;
The lark as it warbled its song ;
The dark, embower'd shades of impervious gloom,
And the river that glided along—

Were sweet to my view, and the shadowy tree,
The rose just emerged from its bud,
The moss-cover'd bank that enclosed the green lea,
Smiled fair from the mound where I stood.

And oft in the glade, from the cliff's rugged height,
Have I gazed on the scene when alone ;
Watch'd the fisher-boy's skiff as it glanced on my sight,
And fancied the prospect my own.

No more through thy shades may I pensively stray,
When eve on thy blossoms shall blow ;
As night gives a charm to the moonbeams that play,
Through thy trees, on the waters below.

Farewell to thy beautiful rosy-wreathed bowers ;
Far over the ocean I rove ;
Yet the brightest of scenes in my happiest hours,
Will breathe of the sweet Clifton Grove.

A PICTURE.

I saw her when her morn of life was young,
In loveliness, like maiden flowers of spring ;
A fawn-like beauty beaming from her eyes,
A music breathing in her soft warm sighs ;
Adown her neck the waving tresses hung,
Around her smiles a thousand beauties clung,
The dimple slyly peeping 'neath the rose ;
Her brow o'ershaded by her locks of gold,
A bosom where Hope's bird had built her nest,
To be by sorrow early dispossessed.
For love crept in with sly insidious art,
And filch'd the fervor of her guileless heart ;
Charm'd like a snake, and left a fatal sting,
That flush'd her cheek and mock'd her soul's repose ;
Stole the rich gem that clasp'd her chain of truth,
And girdled guilt around her blighted youth.

Can mercy o'er the wretch her wings unfold,
Or gild his perjured treachery with gold ?
Too soon for him remorse and shame will come,
And festering in his bosom find a home.
Or if unscathed life's waste he passes through,
Eternity will shape a vengeance due.

THOSE RINGLETS.

Mark'd you the wavy tresses' graceful flow,
In glossy fulness o'er that neck of snow ?
And that fair brow, whose clust'ring ringlets play
Where the blue veins in shadowy richness lay.
Here, bound in silken net-work scarce confined,
There, gently waving sportive in the wind ;
Here, where the golden fillet faintly shines,
Beneath the auburn richness it confines,
While raven-wing'd in beauty float those curls,
Beneath a diadem of clust'ring pearls.

THE SHIPWRECKED SAILOR BOY.

The morn has fled the brow of night,
The blue waves wash the crag's rough side ;
'Tis dark and cheerless, save the light
Of yon pale star, my feet to guide ;
On unknown rocks my bark is dash'd,
My locks are drench'd, no help is nigh ;
Where danger yawns by waves I'm wash'd,
Without a hope, the Sailor Boy.

My home is far across the main,
Where nature strews her wildest flowers,
Where freedom leads her smiling train,
And beauty gilds the gliding hours ;
But home, alas, no more will cheer,
Friends will heave the anxious sigh ;
While I alone, 'mid deserts drear,
May wander wild, the Sailor Boy.

He spoke, and loud the tempest beat,
The winds re-echoed far and near ;
The waves' hoarse murmuring lash'd his feet,
His cheek grew pale, he shrunk with fear ;

Till all at once, more loud, more dread,
As if impatient to destroy,
They rush'd impetuous o'er his head,
And sunk in death the Sailor Boy.

LINES ADDRESSED TO FRIENDS,

ON THEIR LEAVING ENGLAND FOR AMERICA.

Fare ye well, yet pause awhile,
Where love and friendship weeping stand;
Where all the flowers of nature smile,
And woo you to your native land;
The scenes of youth, and childhood's joys,
No more shall greet your longing eyes.
Adieu, adieu.

When at eve, his circuit roll'd,
The blushing sun retires from view;
Scattering wide his scales of gold
O'er the waters, darkly blue,
Ocean wild his billowy bed,
With night the curtain round him spread.
Then think on me.

When the tempest rends the sky,
When the waves in fury roll ;
When the white foam gathers high,
And the thunder shakes the pole,
When the bolts of heaven are hurled,
Look aloft, beyond the world,
Where all is calm.

Fare ye well—respond the word,
And as your white cliffs fade from view,
One look of love, one tear afford,
One longing, ling'ring, warm adieu ;
And when recedes her last green hill,
Breathe in a sigh, I love thee still,
My father's home.

BEAUTY'S BOWERS.

Away, away to Beauty's bowers,
Young Love is smiling, away away ;
Let us scatter the pearls from the rosy-cup'd flowers,
And kiss the bright morning's early ray.

Away, away where the woodbine creeps,
Round the blushing rose in the lonely glen ;
We'll trip it along where the young fawn sleeps,
And wake the lark to his song again.

Away, away, while the sylvan lutes
Are breathing their softest notes for thee ;
And blossoms still linger, unwilling that fruits
Should rob them of beauties so wild and free.

Away, away to the winding brooks,
Where the hazels deep shadow the beautiful streams ;
Away, ere the sun o'er the mountains looks,
And mars the flowers with his fiery beams.

Away, away to our own loved grot,
And we'll echo our warmest vows to-day ;
Love's holding a feast in the blooming spot ;
And beckons us thither—away, away.

Away, away, where the young god sleeps,
Of the rosy lip and the laughing eye ;
Strewing his smiles where sorrow weeps,
And stealing a pang from the parting sigh.

Away, away, though the roses fade,
And the sun from his warm summer beaming sever,
Yet love shall sprinkle his rays o'er the shade,
And light up affection's urn forever.

THE PARTING.

Farewell! and I could say no more,
The chords that tuned the soul were broken;
Her tears ran eloquently o'er,
Responsive to my parting token.

Farewell! yet oh 'tis hard to part,
When memory wrings the tortured soul;
And death-like streams around the heart
Their withering tide of feelings roll.

Farewell, hope's fondest, latest ray,
In gem-like tear-drops sparkled there,
Affection gazed her soul away,
Then hurrying wildly, sought despair.

ACROSTIC TO E. B. W.

Each rosy smile that lights thy radiant eye,
Beams like the rays that gild a summer sky,
When young Aurora dips her wings in light,
And throws his bright beams o'er a world of night.
Round thy fair form each grace of nature plays,
Reflected in a thousand beauteous rays;
Ethereal virtue, like an angel's wing,
Nursed thy pure soul, and bade such beauties spring.

SONG.

AIR—"Here's a health to one I love dear."

Here's a bumper brimful for our friends,
And a frown and a fig for our foes;
And may he who stoops meanly to gain his own ends,
Never more know the sweets of repose.
Though folly and ignorance join,
To blight the young buds of our fame,
Their slander a moment may injure the vine,
But its fruits will be blushing the same.

Then here is a bumper to truth,
May its banners wave wide as the world,
And a fig for the mortal, in age or in youth,
Who has not its banner unfurl'd.

FAREWELL TO

Farewell, the star of hope grows pale
Upon lone memory's shoreless chart;
And wearied, lingering moments fail,
To bring lost pleasures to my heart.

Farewell, I love to link the past
With what my trembling heart now feels;
Like sunbeams over shadows cast,
That many a cherish'd joy reveals.

Farewell; yet should Time's broken wing,
Fail in her long, adventurous flight,
Perchance eternity may bring
The promised bliss, in worlds of light.

THE WISH.

I wish, but oh, I dare not say,
The warmest wish I feel for thee ;
I wish thine hours may float as gay
As sunbeams o'er the dark blue sea.

I need not ask thy form more fair,
Thine eye more full of sympathy,
Thine own sweet smile, while lingering there,
Forbids the thoughtless wish for thee.

Yet may I wish thee brighter years,
A bosom free from every sorrow,
A cheek unblanch'd by pain or tears,
And smiles for every future morrow.

LOVE AND THE BUTTERFLY.

Love wander'd one day by the Butterfly's wing,
And they flitted from bower to bower,
While gayly he sung of the beauties that spring
In the far off groves, where the nightingales sing,
And they revell'd from flower to flower.

The Butterfly spread his bright wings so gay,
And painted them o'er and o'er ;
And shook the warm tints in the sunny ray,
And welcomed the rosy god to play,
And he thought of his cares no more.

The air was balm, and the meadows were gay,
And beauty was laughing around,
And light were their hearts on that bright summer day,
With the rich blossoms blushing on every spray,
And the ripe fruits clustering round.

They travell'd afar from the Butterfly's bower,
Where his mother was drooping her wing,
Sighing, Why has he wander'd from flower to flower,
Ere his delicate pinions have gain'd their power,
While he yet is so young a thing?

A storm came on, and they lost their way,
As the Butterfly weary had grown ;
And the young god smiled when he saw him lay,
Saying, This is no place for love to stay ;
And he left him to perish alone.

P. E. WILSON TO HIS SISTER SARAH,

ON HER HAVING LEFT HOME FOR A DISTANT SCHOOL.

We miss thee, sister, when the morn
Breathes fragrance over hill and dale ;
We miss thee, when the meal-time horn
Winds its wild echoes through the vale ;
We miss thee in the noontide's ray
Beneath the locust's silver flowers ;
We miss thee at the close of day,
When sunset gilds the lingering hours ;
We miss thee when the blushing sky,
Laughs over nature's bloom in joy ;
We miss thine eye's dark, beaming ray,
Thy bounding foot, and gleesome play ;
I miss thee, sister, when I've been
O'er crag and dell, 'mid forests green ;
I miss thy light, and joyous call,
By tangled brake, or waterfall ;
I miss thee by the purling run,
Where minnows sparkle 'neath the sun ;
And we, more wild and blest than they,
Upon the mossy banks would play,

Or sit beneath the shade for hours
Entwining garlands gay of flowers.
I miss thee when the berries blush,
In yon deep glen, on briar or bush ;
For when I prick'd my finger, thy
Sweet tears would fill in either eye,
And I would take thy hand in play,
And kiss those pearly tears away ;
While coaxing thee to cry no more,
I loved thee better than before.
I miss thee when the thunder call
Dies into murmurs through the hall ;
How we in scenes so dread would cling,
And whisper—'tis a fearful thing.
Time may restore thee, thou loved token,
A jewel polish'd and unbroken ;
But will there be the laughing eye,
The artless look, the wild reply ?
The young unstudied grace that brought
A truth and strength to every thought ;
The fervor of a love, that bore
A richness ever teeming o'er ;
The sympathetic tear that play'd
In pity's softest, sweetest shade ;

The careless laugh, gay, wild and free,
And ah, the same warm love for me!
Say, sister, will not other joys
Steal those we now so fondly prize?
While sweetness, innocence and truth,
But ripen with thy growing youth;
Or will the powers of reason play,
To steal the opening bloom away?
But hush, I know thou'lt ever be
As good, and mild, and kind to me.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF P. E. WILSON,

SON OF A. J. WILSON, NEAR DANVILLE, KY.

Oh, 'twas a mournful sight—the jaws of Death
Not long were busy, yet his whetted fangs
Became insatiate. How calm he seem'd,
Wooing with angel smile the dark, strong power,
Already tugging at the silver cords
That bound his soul to earth: he knew his fate,
Yet strengthen'd by the arm that conquer'd death,
He smiled on all around, his own sweet smile
Now lighted up by love; the conscious tears

Like gems, fast falling, dropp'd from every eye.
So young, so beautiful, and so beloved ;
Earth had no place for such exotic rare,
And angels wooed him to a brighter world.
Sleep on, thine image lives within the heart
Of all who knew thee, and thy modest worth
Needs no proud monument to tell thy praise.

THE MOTHER'S LAMENT FOR HER SON.

Softly he sleeps—yet his freed spirit hears
His mother's moans, or drops 'mid her's his tears ;
If saints weep tears, such sympathy and love,
Blending, perchance, may form the stars above.

Oh might this be, then should a mother's eye
Be frequent pointed to that far off sky,
To gain a token from some shining gem,
That glittering beams amid night's diadem.

And her lone heart would hail the happy tide,
That bore her spirit to his long-loved side ;
And there commingling, like their smiles and tears,
In union blend, to shine through countless years.

TO ONE I ONCE MET.

Lady, whose eyes of liquid light,
In gem-like beauty met my sight,
Whose gentle tones were music's soul,
Soft as o'er angel lips might roll ;
Whose smiles were like spring's opening flowers,
In nature's own domestic bowers ;
Whose mind from o'er those sweet lips straying,
Seem'd eloquence in wildness playing ;
Whose grace, and elegance, and ease,
Might cause no other form to please.

Lady, I ne'er may meet again
Such movements of delicious pain ;
It was indeed a pain to part,
That left an anguish round my heart ;
For oh, such glowing colors fly
But once across life's fitful sky.

LINES

ON SEEING A STRIKING PORTRAIT, BY VENABLE, OF A LITTLE GIRL,
DAUGHTER OF T. MITCHELL, ESQ.

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO THE ARTIST.

A beautiful child, in its innocent play,
Had wander'd the fields, from its home far away;
And the butterflies hover'd around her for hours,
Mistaking her cheek's rosy blushes for flowers;
How light was her laugh, and her footsteps how free,
As the mocking-birds echoed her wild chanting glee.

No thought of the past, or a care for the morrow,
Ere open'd, ill finger'd, the curtains of sorrow;
The past was young rose-buds, all folded in love,
For a future of roses—and oh may they prove,
As thine innocence paints them, in fancy's young morn,
All dew-lipp'd and blushing, and free from a thorn.

How gayly she gathers the flowers for a bed,
Or playfully weaves them in wreathes for her head;
Or sits herself down by the brook in her play,
And dabbles her foot as it ripples away.
Trip home little Lu, you've been absent for hours,
And the sun lays aslant on the grass and the flowers,

And your Ma has been waiting and looks for you now;
With a kiss on her lip for your beautiful brow;
And your Papa is scolding, and frets at your stay,
For he never feels right when his Lu is away.

ACROSTIC TO E. H. P. T.

Each blest young joy affection's soul can feel,
Hourly be thine, life's truest warmest weal,
Pour a rich tribute o'er thy future years,
Taking from sorrow all its bitter tears,
And strewing hope's spring, sweetest, fairest flowers,
Like thornless rose-buds, over scented hours;
Bright'ning thy prospect through the vale of tears,
Over the hills of age, beyond long years,
Till angels bear thee on the wings of Love,
To that blest land that saints enjoy above.

TO MISS

Thy smiles come like a gold wing'd beaming star,
From out the blue of yonder world afar,
When sorrow's midnight shrouds my soul with care,
And new-born griefs seem hovering o'er despair;

Thine eyes, like violets, through a silken vine,
Fringed darkly; smile, and smiling sweetly shine,
Till, like the sun-kiss'd dew-drop on the rose,
Each sorrow seems a gem in sweet repose.

ACROSTIC TO E. T.

Each joy be thine, my beautiful, my own,
Loved of my soul, in hope, and loved alone ;
In the warm glances of thy dark blue eye,
Zeal blends with truth, and sympathy with joy ;
Among the cherish'd wishes of thine heart,
Be mine the lot to share some sunny part ;
Each flower thou lovest I will watch with care,
Tend it for thee, and in thy wishes share.
How throbs my bosom when thy gentle voice,
Touches some chord that makes my heart rejoice ;
Imagination bids new beauties rise,
Lends wings to Hope, and pencils from the skies.
Lend me thy heart, I'll guard it so from pain,
E'en time shall never wish it back again
Trust in my faith, my beautiful, my own,
Trust in that faith that leans on thee alone

OPENING LINES.

ON PRESENTING AN ALBUM TO A YOUNG LADY.

A simple tribute of esteem—

The gift of early youth ;

And may its pages ever beam

With purity and truth.

Unspotted as thy virgin heart,

To whom it is bestow'd ;

May each succeeding line impart

More light along life's road.

And like these pages, every year,

As time's swift streamlet flows ;

To thee, more sweet at morn appear,

More brightly at its close.

And when the gatherer of time,

In his last call shall come,

May angels round thy death-bed smile,

And waiting, bear thee home.

ACROSTIC TO M. W.

May the sweet smile that lights thy radiant eye,
Among life's clouds like beams of sunshine lie ;
Round thy young heart oh may some angel-care
Guard its light flutterings from each youthful snare :
Ere time's rude hand has blotted beauty's page,
Rescinded hope, or shook the leaves of age ;
Each wish be thine that maiden worth can know,
Truth, virtue, friendship, or e'en love bestow ;
When years shall ripen thee for brighter joys,
Oh then may angels woo thee to the skies ;
O'er death triumphant may thy spirit rest,
Deep in the bowers that canopy the blest.

INVOCATION TO SLEEP.

WRITTEN UNDER FEELINGS OF DEEP SORROW.

Come, gentle sleep, thou balm for every ill,
Who sorrowing weep will find thee potent still ;
Thy aid impart, for thou and death can heal
The broken sluices of the heart, and unknown joys reveal.

Contrition sore, with barb'd and poison'd fang,
In thee no more can yield a vengeful pang;
Oh steep my mind in Lethe's fabled stream,
And senses bind in one oblivious dream.

Forgetting all the fading, dying past;
A proud heart's fall, hope's rending, requiem blast;
The ties of youth and consanguinity,
The wreck of truth, and e'en first love's divinity.

Take me away 'mid feelings dark as these;
Why do I stay when earth no more can please?
The few warm friends that cling around the wreck,
Scarce dare to venture o'er the broken deck.

Oh, for a home beyond the cloudless blue,
Where angels roam, and all is bright and true;
Where sin or sorrow never wing their way,
O'er that broad morrow of eternal day.

ACROSTIC TO M. H. F. S.

My wearied heart still fondly turns to thee,
In dreams of hope, too long so madly cherish'd ;
Such dreams on passion's ever restless sea,
So wild, and deep, have rarely else than perish'd ;
How my heart trembles, when the infant morn
Flings its young gold drops from the opening sky,
So brightly beautiful to all but me,
I cannot ope my wakening lids to joy ;
My heart breathes no response to ought but thee,
So like the dove I mourn, in fading hope forlorn.

THE USURER.

"Thou hast taken usury and increase, and thou hast greedily gained of thy neighbor by extortion, and hast forgotten me, saith the Lord God."—EZEKIEL, xxii. 12.

There is a whirlpool where the tide of want
Strives to disgorge its stern necessities,
Forming a reef beneath the treacherous wave,
To wreck and founder the ill-fated bark.

Presiding o'er the vortex lean and lank,
Made thin by care, in noseing out distress
And labor, gathering ruin day by day,
'The usurer stalks, with smooth and plastic face,
Destruction's jackall, bringing bankruptcy
And all its circling evils in its train;
His soul is self—cased up in misery,
Dealing perdition to his brother man—
And subtle poison, easing one small sore,
To fester and gangrene through all the frame.

Making hearths desolate, and hearts to ache,
Creating foul abortions seethed in crime,
That crawl from out the slime his footsteps leave;
A blood-swoll'n horseleech gasping Give; give, give;
Whose vase is gilded o'er with ill-filch'd gold,
And brimm'd with orphans' and with widows' tears.

A scaly viper in the path of want,
That feeds on men's necessities, and leaves
The bitter tears of anguish where he crawls—
Making more drear the path of friendlessness,
And steeping destitution in despair.
Robbing the law of force in equity,
By felonizing falsehoods on the bond.

An iron man, cast in a worn-out mould,
Without or wheel or spring of sympathy,

Within the workings of the cold machine,
His god's the world, himself his bond and gold;
And he a lash to victimize mankind,
Taking large loans on Mercy here below,
To be repaid throughout eternity.

SONG.

Written at Seralvo, Mexico, a few days before the battle of Monterey, on receiving a letter from home.

AIR—"The Wounded Hussar."

Wearied and worn, far away o'er the billow,
Where mountain tops dimly are seen in the blue;
On a wide-spreading heath, with my knapsack my pillow,
How welcome the love-breathing token from you.

Though bright eyes are beaming in beauty around me,
And fairy feet move to the lightsome guitar;
Yet still there's a spell round my heart that has bound me,
As memory beckons her charms from afar.

The neigh of the war-horse in wild spirit bounding,
While tossing the foam from his lip in his pride,
He bears the young hero where trumpets are sounding,
To punish the foe that his valor defied.

The bustle, the clangor, the drum's distant rolling,
 The tents stretching wide in their martial array,
 Where bravery's sons every danger controlling,
 Look on like the eagles and pant for their prey.

Then on to the battle, the bulwark around us
 Is Liberty's essence, and Valor's its sire,
 Nor mountains nor millions of foemen can bound us,
 While vengeance for insult has kindled our ire.

EXTEMPORANEOUS LINES,

On Tom Smith, an extravagantly wild, but good-hearted fellow, who called the writer from his bed at midnight, locked the door of the room they had entered, pocketed the key, swore he was about to commit suicide, and that the door should not be unlocked until his epitaph was written.

Here lays poor Tom, stone dead beside a fence,
 With less of truth and honesty than sense ;
 A crazy madcap, ever in a strife,
 Who treated strangers and forgot his wife :
 Who left his home, his own sweet children's smile,
 And sought 'mid strangers a release from toil ;

Who cursed the world with bitterness, and thought
Its tenants had not used him as they ought.
And is he dead—lost to the world and me?
Yes, dead enough,—but 'tis dead drunk, d'ye see.

MY NATIVE BELLS.

TO E P

My native bells, the old eight bells,
How softly sweet their music swells,
As memory, wand'ring o'er the sea,
Hears once again their pealing glee.

From childhood's hours I well recall,
The ivied church, the steeple tall,
The graves, and where the sexton dwells,
But most my own, my native bells.

My cottage home was trellis'd o'er
With grape-vines, planted near the door;
And from my little garden, I
Could hear the church-clock tick hard by.

The chimes upon those bells at nine,
And twelve, and three, play'd "Auld Lang Syne,"
Or tuned of Burns's "Lovely Jean,"
Till pleasure's tears woke o'er the strain.

Dear cherish'd scenes, that well were wound
In pictured truth my heart around;
Long faded joys live over, when
I hear those merry bells again.

My heart laugh'd then, yet scarce I dare
To trust my sear'd remembrance, where,
With her I loved, by brook or stile,
I wander'd, breathing bliss the while.

Thy slight form seems to press me now,
I feel thy kiss upon my brow,
And as the silver moonbeams rise,
Drink the rich love-streams from thine eyes.

Thou wert not beautiful, and yet
With thee, my star of hoping set;
Yes, thou wert beautiful to me,
And I lost all the world in thee.

Peal on, ye bells, if memory brings
Such sweet, sweet sorrows on your wings ;
Yet hark ! the curfew's envious chime
Tolls out our home-returning time.

Nay, one more kiss or ere we part,
Not on my lip, but on my heart ;
I could not bear that lip-kiss o'er,
'Twas pleasure's knell—we met no more.

I loved thee from life's morning start,
Thou wert the fireside of my heart ;
And all my dreams of bliss were o'er,
When last we kiss'd, to meet no more.

Yet oh, the fault I deem not thine,
'Twas I who wrong'd thy feeling's shrine ;
Left warm affection's sacred bower,
To flit around from flower to flower.

They tell me thou art still the same,
If not in feelings, yet in name ;
And oft I wonder, if to thee
My name's as dear as thine to me.

Those old eight bells at service time,
So duly rang their warning chime,
Ring ding dong bell, ding ring dong bell,
In sweetly undulating swell.

Now pealing over hill and dale,
I hear their chime on fancy's gale;
And kneel beside a mother's care
Within the vaulted church, to prayer.

Roll on, your merry roundelay
Still breathes of one far, far away;
And tears may start, as memory tells
How dear he loved his native bells.

ON THE DEATH OF MISS MARY MITCHELL,

DAUGHTER OF T. MITCHELL, ESQ. OF DANVILLE, KY.

SUPPOSED TO BE THE FEELINGS OF HER FATHER.

Gem of the spirit world, beautiful one,
Angels are guarding thee where thou art gone;
Dost thou not think of me now in thy joy,
Waking a sympathy 'tween earth and sky?

Wilt thou not plead for me while I am here ?
Will not those smiles of thine drink the lone tear ?
Shall we not meet in bliss never to part,
When time's last icy kiss presses my heart ?

May I not know thee when, dearest, we meet ?
Will the same smile be thine waiting to greet ?
And the sweet music tones trilling in love,
Waken a warm breathing welcome above ?

Will the same words be thine, writ on my heart,
And the same hopes be mine, never to part ?
Earth has no longer a beauty for me ;
Come from the spirit land, bear me with thee.

SONG.

AIR—"Old Ned."

I have seen Old Zack in a far off land,
And a plain old man was he ;
His old white horse ate corn from his hand,
And he neigh'd right gallantly.

CHORUS.

And the people have breathed out his name,
While their hearts to his bravery bow ;
And the chief who has led us so nobly to fame.
Shall guide us and counsel us now.

How scanty the comforts his tent did afford,
'Twas the humblest tent seen around ;
And the furniture there was his blanket and sword,
And his bed was the cold, cold ground.

I have seen Old Zack when we long had march'd,
O'er a drear, and a barren waste,
Pass around his gourd when our mouths were parch'd,
And the wearied ones first must taste.

I have seen the old chief on the battle-field,
When the dead lay in heaps on the ground ;
With his brave old heart that never would yield,
As he cheer'd on his comrades around.

I saw the old man when the fight was o'er,
While his pale lip counted the cost ;
And his eyes were dim that were calm before,
As he wept o'er the friends he had lost.

I saw Old Zack in the chair of state,
Where the wheels of the nation move ;
With his old tent pitch'd by the White House gate,
And his sentry, the people's love.

And oh they have breathed out his name,
While their hearts to his bravery bow ;
And the chief who has led us so nobly to fame,
Shall guide us and counsel us now

ON THE DEATH OF MY FATHER.

The last tie is broken; the spells of my youth,
That were cast by affection, and cradled in truth ;
The young hopes that gather'd so close round my heart,
No longer their warm, gushing sweetness impart.

How little I dream'd, ere I broke the dark seal,
That my heart could have borne the deep anguish I feel
Oh could'st thou have bless'd me as breathed thy last sigh
Or pillow'd thy head on my bosom to die !

Yet still may I meet thee, in moments or years,
Where the sunshine of joy dries the wearied one's tears,
And the links that on earth have been sever'd in pain,
At the great forge of love shall be welded again.

TO

Must I forego each rosy smile,
That threw a sunbeam over sorrow?
And can this heart no more beguile,
With cherish'd hopes, the future morrow?

How frail a tenure earth can hold,
On what is deem'd a treasure here,
Soon as the buds of life unfold,
Their hues are sullied by a tear.

But oh, the heart will linger yet,
Around the ruin Time has made;
And clinging to each fond regret,
Imagine sunshine in the shade.

Then fare thee well, for who would claim
E'en thy sweet smiles, not freely given?
It is the welcome feeds the flame,
That makes the visit breathe of heaven.

THE BROKEN HEART.

Oh there are tones from broken hearts,
That none but broken hearts can feel ;
When memory to the mind imparts,
What death alone can heal.

When every sympathy is fled,
That gave the soul relief,
And round the heart is wound instead,
A dark, corroding grief.

Oh ! I had drain'd and drain'd the bowl,
Care's respite, faint to give ;
Until the world and my crush'd soul,
Refused me means to live.

Yes, I have been a stricken deer,
That left the herd to die ;
A lone one, mark'd by many a tear,
A clouded mystery.

Yet had I once, ere hope was chill'd,
A warm and feeling heart,
While not a flower or blade of grass,
But pleasure could impart.

Too soon for me the rising sun,
 Or setting was the same;
 I felt no joy in what was done,
 And almost fear'd no shame.

Yet when the world e'er spoke unkind,
 Or sneer'd at my distress,
 It came like midnight o'er my mind,
 The shroud of bitterness.

And my lone heart beheld no ray,
 To beacon me to rest:
 Like ill-nursed flowers I pined away,
 Unfriended and unblest.

THE SLANDERER OF FEMALE INNOCENCE.

May slander'd innocence, insulted rise,
 Pleading her cause through blushes in the skies,
 And may the picture baseness has portray'd,
 Hang round its author's life like filth decay'd.
 Oh base-born thought, to crimson o'er with shame
 The fair, smooth brow, where virtue plants her name;
 From the lewd brothel its foul nuisance glean,
 To darken purity with words obscene.

Shall sweet simplicity and guileless youth,
Be crush'd, and stung, and trampled in its truth?
Or smiling beauty like a rose-bud pale,
Shed its sweet perfume on a tainted gale?
Oh no, may envy, jealousy, and strife,
Sap the last comfort from the slanderer's life;
May his death-hours look vainly for the care,
That only woman's angel help can share.
Oh may his hearth be desolate and drear,
Without a smile to chase compunction's tear;
May degradation follow in his train,
Crushing the sparks of hope, and lighting pain;
Vituperation, cloven-tongued and loud,
Embodied, hideous, round his foul haunts crowd;
May no warm sympathies of tender ties,
Ere cross the threshold of his earthly joys.
May disappointment, deep remorse, and shame,
Hang like a viper round his withering name.
May he die loathed, and ere his bones be rotten,
Be his name perish'd and his grave forgotten;
Or if remember'd, may eternal shame
Fling scorn and hisses o'er his blighted fame.

THE PAST.

The past, the past, what lingering sweets
Are garner'd in thy lone retreats ;
What joys that like the rainbow threw
A vapor o'er its fading hue.

The past, like some familiar strain,
That cheer'd us in our hours of pain,
Comes back, the serenade of care,
And finds the same lone anguish there.

The past, like portraits to our view,
Brings one by one the loved we knew,
And reckless of the change of scenes,
Forgets that anguish intervenes.

The look, the smile, the lighted eye,
The vow, the tear, the soften'd sigh,
The breath of tremulous emotion,
Whisp'ring again the heart's devotion.

The past flits back, but does it bring
That freshness on its faded wing ?
The sweet reality that stole
So softly o'er the virgin soul ?

Ah no, the seeming joys of earth,
Are but like meteors in their birth,
And they who o'er the past would rise,
Must seek their future in the skies.

TO ALPHA*.

Could I portray the winning grace,
That plays in softness o'er thy face ;
Or catch the sunny beams that fly
In beauty from thy kindling eye ;
Or paint the silken brows of jet
That o'er those beaming eyes are set ;
Or mark the long dark fringes, lashing
The heaven of soul that there is flashing ;
The pencill'd truth would glow with strife,
And heave, and breathe, and burst to life.

THE REPLY, BA ALPHA.

There was a time when sunny beams,
Play'd o'er my face in joyous gladness ;
When all my buoyant, happy dreams,
Were those of pleasure, not of sadness ;

* Mrs. Vandike, late widow of Rev. Mr. Vandyke, and daughter of Bishop Soule, of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

But now those blissful dreams have fled,
Tho' bright and fair, oh they were fleeting,
In sorrow's mazes now I tread,
And fiercely on my aching head,
The pelting storm is beating.

My lyre now breathes a mournful lay,
Of happy hours long since departed,
And I, once gladsome, wild and gay,
Dancing in pleasure's sunny ray,
Am sad, and broken-hearted.
My eye, lost to its lusted hue,
Is dimm'd with drops of bitter feeling,
And like the wild flower drench'd with dew,
I love concealing.

I love to sit and muse alone,
And weep when none can mark my feeling;
Such sacred hours are all my own,
When from the heartless world I'm stealing;
'Tis then I bring from memory's land,
Gems, in its secret casket cherish'd,
Like fragments from the wreck of joys,
That on life's troubled sea have perish'd.

THE CONSOLATION.

When love's young morning's kindly gleams,
Steal o'er the soul in sorrow's hours ;
'Tis sweet to feel her kindling beams
Wake into life affection's flowers.

The heart were cold and sterile too,
That answer'd not the gentle call ;
As tenderest plants feel most the dew,
That o'er their drooping beauties fall.

Yet oh, because one flower has breathed
Its last, sad sweet, o'er nature's wild ;
Say, can no other bud be wreathed,
To please the wayward, weeping child.

There's scarce a gem that Flora wears,
But withers 'neath the winter's breath ;
Yet when spring's smile again appears,
In beauty triumphs over death.

And lovelier far their new-robed forms,
 Since we have wept their stay so long ;
 They come in sunshine through the storms,
 That bear our destinies along.

BEAUTY'S SMILE AND BEAUTY'S TEAR.

The light that beams in beauty's eye,
 Shines from the fires that warm the soul ;
 The tears that on its fringes lie,
 Are but the gems that pity stole.

And oh when sorrow lingers near,
 And hope has quench'd her last kind ray ;
 Then beauty's smile, and beauty's tear,
 Will chase the weary gloom away.

As in the rainbow, sweetly blend
 The sunshine and the showers in strife ;
 So when o'er hearts dark sorrows bend,
 Love's sunbeams drink the tears of life.

LINES

ON THE DEATH OF MRS. MARY YOUNG, MOTHER OF DR. J. C. YOUNG,

On hearing that almost her last words were "All's well." How delighting to sorrowed friends were such passwords on the frontiers of eternity; angels no doubt were sentinels, and echoed the gladsome tidings through the golden portals, into the camp of heaven.

Oh why should we grieve o'er the loved one that's fled,
Since angels have borne her above?

It is but the dust we have laid with the dead,
Her spirit is breathing in love.

When all earthly comforts were fading away,
And death mantled darkly her breast;
Then Bethlehem's star, like the beaming of day,
Disclosed the sweet haven of rest.

The sweet soothing spirit of realised love,
Breathed o'er immortality's birth;
And the soul, ere it spread its glad pinions above,
Had woke to its triumph o'er earth.

No doubting, no fearing, no sorrow or care—
She smiled as the last curtain fell;
Her Saviour, in whom she had trusted, was there,
And sweetly she whisper'd "All's well."

The beautiful password was echoed above;
And saints caught the sound as it fell;
While the angels of mercy recorded in love,
On the pages of Heaven, "All's well."

RELIGION.

How bright are the smiles that religion bestows,
Like the beams of the morning in beauty it glows;
'Tis the sunshine of youth, and the comfort of age,
And its letters are gold upon memory's page.

'Tis a streamlet still flowing to rivers of joy,
Thro' vales that are glowing beneath a warm sky;
'Tis a palace of beauty, an Eden of sweets,
With perennial flowers in its blushing retreats.

There is love in its features, and joy in its heart,
And its breathings a soul-healing virtue impart;
The strength of persuasion, the sweetness of song,
In harmony blend on its eloquent tongue.

'Tis the rainbow of hope over-arching the world,
'Tis the banner of freedom in beauty unfurl'd ;
'Tis the light of the truth, and its rays will impart
A halo of holiness over the heart.

'Tis the whisper of peace to the wanderer's breast
When error shrouds darkly the couch of his rest ;
It wipes off the tear from the penitent's eye,
And leads him to fountains that trickle with joy.

'Tis the soldier's last hope when the battle is o'er,
And his death-wound has crimson'd the earth with gore ;
'Tis the soul-speaking truth that gives light to his eye,
Ere the curtains of death are closed round him to die.

'Tis the beacon that points to the haven of rest,
'Tis the mariner's chart to the home of the blest ;
'Tis the barque that will bear us o'er life's troubled sea,
And the pilot to guide us, dear Saviour, to thee.

LINES ADDRESSED TO W. F. M.,

ON HIS PRESENTING A ROSE-BUD TO THE AUTHOR, MISS M. S. C. L.

I prize a little fragrant flower,
The gift of one who loves me well ;
It cheers me in a sorrow'd hour,
And weaves around my heart a spell.

It brings to mind the happy days,
When youth, and hope were wreath'd with flowers,
When memory's fair, enchanted maze,
Made fairy-like those dreams of ours.

How sweet from out the gloomy past,
Comes tremblingly our by-gone dreams,
And o'er our way-worn spirits cast
Their strangely sad, but vivid beams.

Oh may this cherish'd token bring,
When summer's sunny hours have fled,
Some latent thought on memory's wing,
O'er faded years that long have sped.

For memory still in wintry days,
Speeds back with footsteps bathed in tears,
And o'er the flick'ring urn will blaze,
The tend'rest thoughts of other years.

THE REPLY.

TO MISS M. S. C. L. . . .

Oh give back the thoughts of the long faded past,
When my heart becomes sad and lone ;
For they cheer like the rays over deep shadows cast,
Or the joys that have long since flown.

Earth's fairy-like pleasures, that pallinglly stay,
Can never dry up the heart's tears ;
And I, who have cast all its treasures away,
Must wake the lone spectre of years.

The sweetest perfume over life's wither'd hours,
By long cherish'd sorrows refined,
Is breathed from the rose-leaves of time's faded flowers,
In the wintery garden of mind.

Then give back the thoughts of the long faded past,
 When my heart becomes sad and lone ;
 For they come like the rays over deep shadows east,
 Or the joys that have long since flown.

ON THE DEATH OF MAJOR P. N. BARBOUR,

OF THE THIRD UNITED STATES INFANTRY, WHO WAS KILLED WHILE
 BRAVELY FIGHTING AT THE BATTLE OF MONTEREY.

We laid our loved Barbour to sleep in his grave,
 Where forest trees waved o'er his head ;
 Where the mocking-bird sings the sad dirge of the brave,
 And wild-flowers bloom on his bed.

No more to be roused by the shrill reveille,
 Or march where the bombs rend the air ;
 His tent has been pitch'd in the land of the free,
 And angels are sentinels there.

On the morn of the battle he linger'd to start,
 In thought of the loved one behind ;
 Then kissing the picture that hung near his heart,
 It smiled off the gloom from his mind.

His comrades may whisper his name with a tear,
Or peal a last shot o'er his breast,
Or warble the songs that he once loved to hear,
But they cannot awaken his rest.

He died in the battle, with glory around,
Where honor had crimson'd his blade,
As the foe stood aghast at his prowess, spell-bound,
Then shrunk from the slaughter he made.

His loved one, away o'er the wide spreading main,
May hope for his presence no more :
He never can gladden her lone heart again,
For he sleeps, and his marching is o'er.

Yet oh when the last muster-roll shall unfold,
And millions the ranks shall sustain,
When the arch-angel wakes the last trumpet of gold,
Oh then he will march us again.

THE BOWL.

AIR—"The rose that all are praising."

The bowl that blushes brightest,
Is not the bowl for me;
For fancy's wing is lightest,
With nectar pure and free;
Give me the bowl that cooling dips,
In rock-bound spring its smiling lips,
With silver bubbles shining;
Oh, that's the bowl for me; oh, that's the bowl for me.

The streamlet near the mountain,
Along its pebbly bed,
From out the mossy fountain,
That gurgles at its head,
Here let me lave my fever'd lip,
And like the gods, nectarious sip,
The dear delight recounting;
Oh, that's the joy for me; oh, that's the joy for me.

When rosy wine had bound me,
And joy had left my heart;

When anguish frown'd around me,
A blot on memory's chart ;
Then came from out the springs of life
The pledge to gild the passing strife,
And oh, its mercy found me,
And heal'd my broken heart, and heal'd my broken heart.

LINES FOR AN ALBUM.

How beautiful, its leaves disclose,
A lily here, and there a rose ;
With many a page of virgin white,
Where virtuous minds their thoughts may write.

And oh may no rude word or jest
Ere soil the snow upon its breast ;
Like cherish'd rose-leaves bathed in tears,
May it perfume thy future years.

TO CHARLOTTE.

Take back the lute, its broken strings
No more will waken passion's strain ;
Its music over memory flings
But wild, and wild'ring notes of pain.

Take back the lute, my broken heart
Could never bear its tones again ;
One wakening touch would grief impart,
And sear my brow with burning pain.

Take back the lute, no more I'll breathe
The name that once my soul could thrill ;
For oh, around it flowers would wreath
Their drooping, fading beauties still.

Take back the lute, when bygone years
Shall flash upon thy fever'd brow,
May never sorrow waken tears,
Nor anguish such as pains me now.

Take back the lute, the world will cling
Like serpents round thy guileless heart,
And thou wilt feel how deep the sting
Its interested smiles impart.

Take back the lute, a warm farewell
Is breathing o'er its chords for thee;
Yet should thy heart with feeling swell,
In tenderness remember me.

ACROSTIC TO KATE.

May thy young aspirations buoyant spring,
In virtuous triumph on hope's downy wing;
Soft as the rose-leaves, may thy falling hours
Successive drop amid life's sweetest flowers;
Kind hearts and eyes in beams of tenderest care,
Shield thee from clouds that darken 'neath despair;
Truth set her richest jewels round thy heart,
O'er glorying thee beyond the gems of art,
Until, the bloom of earth's probation o'er,
Time gifts thy spirit to more genial shore.

TO MOLLY W

There is a charm in beauty's eye,
Of deeply melting blue ;
Its light is like a summer sky,
With sunshine beaming through.

It kindles joy, unlike the beams
The dark-eyed maiden throws,
In fiery sparks of wild'ring gleams;
That steal the heart's repose.

Give me the laughing eye of blue,
The warm and tender soul,
The bounding spirit fondly true,
That lives in love's control.

Then take the midnight eyes away,
I would not feel their power,
For oh I fear their witching ray,
Would blight each future hour.

SONG.

AIR—"The voice of her I love."

How sweet the twilight of the mind,
The holy calm of thought,
When bliss the fetters can unbind,
That early care has wrought.
When even hope has smoothed her wings,
And fancy seeks repose,
And infant recollection brings,
A balm for future woes.

The smiling wife's kind watchful eye,
The lisping infant's prayer,
The ready couch inviting by,
For weariness to share ;
The sweetness of repose that steals,
Like moonbeams, o'er the mind,
And many a fairy dream reveals,
That leaves no sting behind.

SONG.

TO MISS M. S. C. L.

AIR—"Kind, kind and gentle's she."

Smile thy sweet smile on me,

Frown not, my Mary ;

This world would dark and dreary be,

Without a smile from Mary.

The sparkling pearls of morning's dew,

The lily's light, the rose's hue,

The summer skies of heavenly blue,

Are not more bright than Mary.

Smile, &c.

The dewy tears that pity knows,

For hearts deep crush'd by withering woes,

In life's dark tides, its ebbs and flows,

Are sweetly shed by Mary.

Smile, &c.

The holy twilight of her mind,

Is soft as love, as heaven refined,

A gem of worth in truth enshrined,

For earth too pure is Mary.

Smile, &c.

Oh could I find on life's wide sea,
Some sunny isle made bright by thee ;
I'd gladly to its haven flee,
And thou shouldst be my Mary.
Smile, &c.

ACROSTIC TO S. A. S.

Sweet be the flowers that bloom along thy way,
And pleasure-wing'd the hours that o'er thee fly,
Love warm thy bosom with its purest ray,
Like angel yearnings in a world of joy.
Young Hope, white-finger'd, point beyond all care,
Among the bright imaginings of bliss,
Nurst by the maiden purity of prayer,
Not chill'd by frost-work of a world like this.
Each wayward cloud that flits across thy sky,
Stretch a broad rainbow o'er its pearly showers,
In charm around thee, may young cherubs fly,
Making sweet coolness o'er thy unfledged hours ;
Kissing the perfume from the opening rose,
In Love's lone glen, where violets repose ;
Nursing the virtues taught from nature's page,
Smiling o'er youth, and cheering hoary age.

A LEAF FROM MY JOURNAL.

WRITTEN BENEATH THE WALLS OF THE BLACK FORT, MONTEREY.

Nov. 7th. 1847. Received to-day a letter from my wife, the contents of which have indeed brought a deep gloom over my heart. Oh, what dark feelings come over me, when I think of the wreck of my loved home; the beautiful home, that I had hoped would have proved an asylum for age or infirmity. And have they sold my books? those old acquaintances, with whom for years I have held such sweet converse. And is it thus that the golden links of a care-worn and fading existence; are one by one stricken off from the rusted chain of time, while the iron fetters of misery are welded and riveted within the shattered space. Should I ever return to Danville, can I pass the spot endeared to me, by associations of so much pleasure and hope, knowing that a cold world has riven it from me in merciless impatience? perhaps * * * * *

I feel I have little to live for now, I have no children to call me father, and waken up incentives to energy of action. There is a deadness in my career, that even friendship fails to enliven; I have grown prematurely old, and my only prayer is, that in the battle, I may fight like a soldier and die like a man.

WAR AND HUMANITY.

The poor wearied soldier return'd to his cot,
His feet were all blister'd and sore;
His dogs gave the welcome that friends had forgot,
As they met him in rags at his door.

But spoilers had cross'd o'er his threshold of joy,
While its owner was over the sea,
Defending the branches that none may destroy,
Of our own cherish'd liberty tree.

His wife wept a welcome, for sorrow was there,
And pointed around the bare walls;
As the old soldier turn'd him to seek his arm-chair,
Here comrades, the tear—curtain falls.

The corner so cozy close by the fire-side,
Was now all deserted and bare;
And the bureau and desk, with his inkstand beside,
And his old friend the clock was not there.

And his time-honor'd books that had made his heart proud,
With the relics of forty long years;
Had been sold 'neath the gaze of the pitiless crowd,
And scatter'd 'mid tauntings and jeers.

The minstrel no more tuned his wild harp again,
For his best cherish'd hopes were destroy'd;
The last link was sever'd in life's broken chain,
And the future to him was a void.

TO

I have striven to bid thee farewell,
When my heart has been bursting with grief;
When the clouds of despair hung around like a spell,
And no tear came to whisper relief.

Oh, I bitterly thought of the past,
Lest thine innocent heart should be sad;
And I fancied our bliss was too fervent to last,
And the feeling is driving me mad.

Yet still I could bear grief alone,
Could I know thou wert happy the while,
With a smile when the peace-dove of pleasure had flown,
And thy bliss would my sorrows beguile.

Still Fate cannot doom us to part,
My love will be ever with thee;
And oh, in the warmest recess of thine heart,
Thou'lt aye keep a corner for me.

SORROWING STANZAS.

Oh 'tis as bright a day as ever smiled on earth,
And airs as sweet around it play,
As at creation's birth.
And every flower and dewy gem,
Is wreathed around its diadem.

And all enjoy the scene save one poor wilder'd heart,
That deeply feels what it has been,
What now its griefs impart;
The dove, while sorrowing o'er its mate,
Can only know so dark a fate.

Yet there is rest on high, beneath an angel's love,
Where all is beauty, grace, and joy,
And bliss its smiles will prove,
Around the gold pavilions there,
Where spirits breathe ambrosial air.

That rest is not for me, but darkness, pain and gloom,
Shroud my sad fate with misery,
And point me to the tomb;
While even hope, on her white wings,
No more the branch of Olive brings.

FAREWELL.

The dew drops of sorrow hung over thy youth,
And the sky of thy fortune was darken'd by tears ;
Yet the rose-bud of innocence, nourish'd by truth,
Shall expand in its beauty and brighten thy years.

The summer of hope will yet beam on thy brow,
When the young gales of spring in their playfulness cease,
And the soul that is melting in tenderness now,
May afford unto anguish the solace of peace.

There's a pang in my heart and my brain is on fire,
And I feel what my tongue nor my pencil can tell ;
Yet oh to affection I dare not aspire,
While my lips cannot breathe thee a lasting farewell.

When the south wind shall sigh o'er thy beautiful form,
And thy bosom heave wild o'er the homage of truth ;
Think, think on the friend thou hast left in the storm,
And whisper thy counsel to pilot his youth.

Then oh, fare-thee-well, thou young gem of the world,
Thou bright cheering idol enshrined in my heart;
Thou peace-flag of truth that the breeze has unfurl'd,
As a beautiful beacon on memory's chart.

ACROSTIC TO C. M.

Cull'd from a garden where the Graces rove,
Among the rose-buds of thine early love,
Thornless and beautiful, that fresh boquette
Has wrought up feelings that my heart would stay.
Ah me, it minds me of departed hours,
Rosy and bright as Eden's fairest flowers;
Instinctive retrospection guides my way,
Near my loved home, where warmest thoughts still stray:
Encircled there by smiles, in childhood's hours,
My little garden shone with favor'd flowers,
And I would sit and watch the buds unclose,
Cling the stray vine, or prop the drooping rose,
Nurse the young woodbines, as they breathed around
Enchanting sweetness o'er that fairy ground,
In beauty glancing; like the wild bird's wing,
Lovely as hope such latent pleasures spring.

LAMENT OF MRS. R. B. M'GRORTY,

ON THE DEATH OF HER ONLY SON, AGED — YEARS.

From the deep fountains of a mother's heart,
When hope is sever'd, how the tears will start !
My beautiful, my loved, my cherish'd son,
Could grief recall the deed that death has done—
Grief, such as fondest mothers only know,
'Reft of the warmest joy they knew below—
Oh, I would wake such tones, angels in pain,
Roused by my woe, would bring thee back again.

“ Try, mother, father, to assuage your woe,
You'll meet your son in heaven you loved below.”

SONG TO MISS

AIR—“Ye banks and braes.”

I love, but oh, I dare not ask
The favors that my love would crave,
And thus amid thy charms I bask,
A trembling, fearful, suppliant slave.

I love, and morning, noon and night,
Are witness to the pangs I feel ;
Affection's bliss, and sorrow's blight,
Alternate stamp their varying seal.

I love, and when the deep dark hue
Of those dear eyes beams o'er my soul ;
It cheers me like the summer's dew,
That o'er the drooping roses stole.

I dare not tell thee all I feel,
Words are too weak to show my pain ;
Thy beauty where it wounds can heal,
And bring to life the soul again.

SONG TO MISS

Wilt thou change thy name, dearest ?
Wilt thou change thy name ?
Not for wealth or fame, dearest,
But a nobler claim ;
For affection's simple dower,
That will, like the winter's flower,
Cheer thee in misfortune's hour ;
Wilt thou change thy name ?

Wilt thou change thy name, dearest ?

Wilt thou change thy name ?

Nought have I to urge as claim,

But a fair and honest fame ;

Nothing more can I bestow,

Since I gave thee long ago

All my heart, I loved thee so —

Wilt thou change thy name ?

Time will only warm my love,

Wilt thou change thy name ?

Every hour new joys will prove,

To increase the flame ;

And our gliding life shall be

Like a moonlit summer sea,

Thou art all the world to me—

Wilt thou change thy name.

LOVE.

How pure is the spirit of love,

When it beams over beauty and youth,

Its ethereal rays are all kindled above,

To light the dull precincts of earth.

The warm-breathing fondness of youth,
Is seen in the light of its eye,
Its pleasure-streams flow from the fountains of truth,
And its roses bloom never to die.

The kind overflowings of soul,
Deep sympathies treasured and prized,
'Tis the yearnings of nature unyoked from control,
And a heaven on earth realized.

ACROSTIC TO MISS M.

May violets, clustering, breathe around thy way
In dewy bloom where'er thy footsteps stray ;
Should ever sorrow, like a raven's wing,
Steal o'er thy sky and darkening shadows fling,
May hope's young angel throw a ray of light
Across the gloom and make the prospect bright ;
Could wish of mine gild thy young heart of truth,
Or plant an Eden round the bower of youth,
No rose were spared thy tresses to adorn,
Cull'd thornless, pure and bright as infant morn ;
And those dark eyes and jetty locks should be
Nursed in my soul's best, deepest memory.

ACROSTIC TO S. A.

Sailing o'er the sea of life,
Unswerved by grief, or care, or strife,
Sweetly may thy bark, in pride,
Along the dark blue waters glide ;
No rude storms or dark'ning skies,
Across thy course in terror rise ;
Lovely incense-breathing gales,
Lend their power to swell thy sails
Into port, and safely moor'd,
News of heaven, and thee on board.

ACROSTIC TO M. J. M.

May the young buds that gem thine early years,
Just opening, drink like dew thine infant tears.
May the sweet cherub of felicity
Cast its warm smile in tenderness o'er thee.
Gay dancing hours weave round thee new found blisses,
Rich as rose-lipp'd morning's sweetest kisses ;
O'er the warm lovelight of thy beaming eyes,
Rest nursingly affection's purest joys ;
Time pinion thee, light-wing'd through life's lone hours,
Youthful as joy and beautiful as flowers.

ACROSTIC TO A. J. B. J.

Among the rose-buds of thine early years,
Ne'er may the thorns of sorrow waken tears,
Nor blighted hopes, those mildews of life's spring,
Jar the sweet notes that innocence would sing ;
Be thine the lot, through life to wildly stray,
Joyous, through paths where virtue points the way,
Oh may affection and requited love,
Hang o'er thy smiles, and tenderest feelings move ;
No cloud to dim, or care to steal away
Such sunny thoughts as o'er thy features play.
Oh may'st thou live as thou would'st wish to die,
Nor dying, wake a thought but breathes of joy.

TO MISS M

While the star of love is beaming
Over the young bounding heart,
While affection's lamp is gleaming,
O'er the bliss thy smiles impart.
Gather up the beams of pleasure,
Sparkling round thy spring-time hours,
Feeling's gems of hoarded treasure,
Strung for winter's faded flowers.

Time may sweep his light wing o'er thee,
 Bleaching thy dark locks with snow,
But the herald truth, before thee,
 Clears thy path of dark'ning woe.

Hope with sceptred hand shall hail thee,
 Cheering soft through ruby smiles,
That thy courage may not fail thee,
 In the close of earthly toils.

Then through golden portals gliding,
 May thy spirit hail its way,
And on bosom'd love confiding;
 Wake to rapture's endless day.

ACROSTIC TO MISS M. S.

May spring's young flowrets all their fragrance throw,
In sportive beauty, o'er thy path below;
Secure amid the snares and wiles of youth,
Stay'd by the powers of innocence and truth,
May all the joys that friendship gives be thine,
Sway'd by no motive mean, but pure as mine.
True in thy love, oh, mayst thou find a heart
O'ercharged with kindness, and be all thou art;
Unfolding time will then but bring to thee
Thy unfledged hopes, in blest reality.

ACROSTIC FOR AN ALBUM.

May the soft beams of virtue illumine thy youth,
And the roses of hope ever blush in thy way,
Round thy brow be encircled the chaplet of truth,
The brightest of gems in the proudest array.
How fancy will swell as thy beauties unfold,
And weave with its fingers thy tresses of gold ;
Fair, fair, as the lily that blooms on the lea,
And pure as thy thought, may each page ever be,
Unfolding a precept, a blossom, or flower,
Cull'd wild from the forest, or nursed in the bower ;
In tenderness touching, in narrative clear,
A monitor, pressing, but never severe ;
Peace, peace be thy lot, may affection entwine,
O'er thy beauty-wreathed bower, these warm wishes of mine
Love, health, joy and smiles, a rich competence clear,
Kind friends, and a world of contentment each year.

THERE'S HOPE IN THE FUTURE.

There's hope in the future, then why should we sorrow?

The wisest will err, and a moment forget,

That the clouds in their sky may clear off on the morrow,

And days all shade-hidden in bright glory set.

There's hope in the future, for virtue can sleep in

The depths of a heart that the world may despise,

And the sweet little cherub of mercy may creep in,

To wake the young angel and bid him arise.

There's hope in the future; then up and be doing,

When tempest is token'd, trim fair for the gale;

And when the warm breezes of fortune are wooing,

Why crowd up the shrouds, boy, and unreef the sail.

There's hope in the future; e'en glory proves palling,

That garlands the brow without trouble or pain,

As the maid is despised that will come without calling,

Or treasures esteem'd by the toils in their gain.

There's hope in the future; and who has neglected

The past, and tops highest the ladder of fame,

Will most earn the honors he long has neglected;

And wreath brightest gems round the brow of his name.

THE FEELINGS OF J. NOBLE,

Who was for years a Tavern-keeper in Harrodsburg, Ky., on his leaving in a state of destitution, the scene of his prosperity and pleasure.

Farewell to the scenes of my once happy hours,
My heart swells with grief as I bid you adieu ;
Farewell to my garden, my orchard and flowers,
With every loved spot that recedes from my view.

Farewell, my game-chickens, fell source of my pleasures,
Farewell, the companions that hasten'd my fall ;
Your smiles were as brief as my fast fading treasures,
And where is old Cuff,* the best friend of you all ?

When yon house was mine own with my children around me,
Did ever a stranger in want pass my door ?
No ; they ever a friend to the destitute found me,
Yet now I am old, and oh God, I am poor.

My hand was too open, my heart was too kind,
And charity wander'd too far from her home ;
Yet these are reflections should comfort a mind,
That sorrowing now amid strangers must roam.

* A large pet bear.

Deserted and lone, e'en the wife I had cherish'd,
The mother of children still dear to my heart,
Was the first to desert me, that moment hope perish'd,
And pain bled afresh when I saw her depart.

Farewell, my old friends, and should sorrow o'ertake you,
Or poverty's fangs ever mark you her own,
May health and may fortitude never forsake you,
And ne'er may you wander unblest and alone.

LINES

SUGGESTED BY HEARING A NEGRO RELATE HIS EXPERIENCE AT A LOVE-
FEAST.

Come, brothers and sisters, and listen to me,
While I give you a lesson of love;
The voice of my Saviour has whisper'd me free,
And I'm bound for the Canaan above.

I rise in the morning and breathe a warm prayer,
Then away to the corn-field I go;
And I work with delight, for my Jesus is there,
And He can cheer all things, you know.

In sunshine or shade I can fancy his smile,
He lives in the rainbow and showers,
In the crystals that shine when the sunbeams at play
Dance over the grass and the flowers.

When in driving my team, or I shell out my corn,
Or go down in the valley to pray,
If my Saviour but smile, oh how bright is the morn,
Each day is a sweet sabbath-day.

I'm hurrying home, for my dark clouds are gone,
And my soul bounds to heaven in prayer ;
While mercy and love seems to beckon me on,
And Jesus will welcome me there.

LINES

FROM A SOLDIER ON THE RIO GRANDE, TO AN AFFECTIONATE WIFE IN
THE UNITED STATES:

Though I'm far across the billow,
With no fond-caress of thine,
Think not I've a tearless pillow,
'Neath this aching heart of mine.

Yet the wish'd-for hope before me,
That we soon may meet again,
Like an angel's smile comes o'er me,
To disperse the clouds of pain.

Is my heart less warm towards thee,
While no more I meet thy love?
Think thee do I less regard thee,
While in stranger lands I rove?

Each succeeding moment trembles,
O'er my fate the livelong day,
And each flower I meet, resembles
Some remembrance far away.

When my children play around thee,
How I envy thee their smiles,
Links of gold that closer bound thee
Fondly in affection's wiles.

Every tender word here spoken,
Comes across my heart in pain,
Whispering some endearing token,
Pledged till we may meet again.

Will our meeting breathe affection,
Such as thou could once impart,
Warm within my recollection,
From the fountain of thy heart?

Oh, how we have loved each other,
With a fervor few have known ;
And the grief I fain would smother,
Wakens, deepens passion's tone.

LINES ADDRESSED TO W. F. M.

BY HIS BROTHER R. M. OF LEAMINGTON, ENGLAND.

Farewell, there are hearts that will never forget thee,
Where hallow'd affections are deeply enshrined ;
There are feelings once shared that will ever regret thee,
Wherever thou goest around thee entwined.

As wending thy way on a far distant shore,
When o'er thee the orange-tree proudly shall wave,
Oh say to thy feelings, will memory restore
The scenes, the loved forms which thy early thoughts gave.

Oh warm are the hopes and the prayers that shall bless thee,
As on thou art borne o'er the billowy sea ;
And ardent the feelings that still shall caress thee,
Where'er the last steps of thy journey shall be.
Farewell, and may blessings attend in thy train,
Wherever thy life's chequer'd lot may be cast ;
In sunshine or storm, amid pleasure or pain,
To thee there are hearts that will cling to the last.

ACROSTIC TO M. T. P. R.

May pleasure strew her smiles around thy way,
To cheer the buoyant spring-time of thy day,
Pure as the dew that gem Castilian flowers,
Round rose-lipp'd beauty in the summer bowers.
Oh may thine heart in sympathetic glow,
Catch the warm tears from feeling's overflow ;
Hourly may joy her brightest scenes display,
Enchanting life, with glittering, varied ray.
Should ever sorrow cloud thy path of truth,
Trust in the love that beams around thy youth ;
Each prayer of thine commands an angel care,
Reveal'd in heaven for thee on earth to share.

ACROSTIC TO A. S.

Mild as evening's softest sigh,
In early spring, 'mid buds and flowers,
Serene as summer's dark blue sky,
So sweetly glide thy youthful hours;
And oh may hope with angel wing,
Nurse the young wishes of thine heart;
No thought that virtue might not bring,
Around thy bosom pain impart;
Should ever Cupid's playful dart,
Hover o'er thy glowing heart,
Every joy shall round thee cling,
Love can strew, or pleasure bring;
Beauty such as thine can throw
Young roses over earthly woe.

I LOVE NOT.

AIR—"Auld Lang Syne."

I love not as I used to love,
With burning, thrilling power;
When each new pulse with rapture strove,
To gild the passing hour.

I meet not as I used to meet,
Thy smiles around my heart,
When passion chain'd my ling'ring feet,
Beyond the wish to part.

I live not as I used to live,
To all but thee unknown ;
When earth no further joy could give,
Than deeming thee mine own.

I feel not as I used to feel,
In early budding youth,
When sweet affection's rosy seal,
Had stamp'd my soul with truth.

I sing not now as once I sung,
When first Hope's flag unfurl'd,
Million'd with mirror'd gems, that flung
A grandeur o'er the world.

Time lays her frozen fingers now,
Smutch'd o'er with care and strife,
Upon my heart and lip and brow,
And chills the streams of life.

ACROSTIC TO S. E. W.

Soft as the moonbeams on a quiet lake,
And beautiful as early spring-time roses ;
Loved as the thrills that o'er the bosom break,
Like new-found treasures where first love reposes ;
In sweetest rounds of rapture glide thy days,
Each moment bringing some new hoped-for joy,
Ere care attempt to steal young pleasure's rays,
Which time may shadow but can ne'er destroy ;
Each virtue and each mental grace be thine,
In youth or age still may thy lot be blest ;
Serene when clouds make other hearts repine,
And every change bring pleasures to thy breast ;
Grant, if a grief wake in thine eyes a tear,
Each wish'd-for smile may form a rainbow there,
Reposing like sweet thoughts above each coming year.

THE MEXICAN WAR.

What mind prophetic through the gloom profound,
Can trace the picture in the dark background ?
The thousand curses that on war await,
And follow, hidden, through the conqueror's gate ?

A vast Republic shrouded, pall'd by gloom,
Nine million souls in fear await their doom.
How dread the insecurity that binds
Its icy fetters o'er their palsied minds:
From their loved homes scared fugitives they fly,
Or meet the foe in frenzy—but to die.
No more for them its sweets the garden yields,
Or golden grain nods o'er their fruitful fields;
No more their native groves their hours beguile,
Or limpid fountains in their pathway smile.

No longer now, when moonlight's silver sheen
Throws its soft radiance o'er the village green,
The young enjoy the music-breathing hours
In gay fandango, o'er the sleeping flowers;
No longer now the vesper's silver chime,
Rings on the evening's fairy-footed time,
Or maidens clasp their crucifix in prayer,
Tell o'er their beads, or ask the Virgin's care:
A wintry coldness shrouds their evening lay,
And scares Devotion's angel-form away.
No longer now sweet sleep enchains the mind,
Or blissful dreams around the senses wind;
But ghastly forms fierce, ill-doom'd terrors bring,
And screaming vultures flap the boding wing.

The mother clasps her infant to her breast,
And asks of Heaven, in sobs, a final rest.

Oh why has freedom bathed her hands in blood,
While her own altars unmolested stood?

Was not her star-gemm'd banner wide unfurl'd,
To shade oppression from an enslaved world?

And will she crush the fledgelings of an hour,
In all the wanton tyranny of power?

Oh bid sweet Mercy spread her soft white wing,
And to their homes your conquering legions bring.

LIFE'S YOUNG SCENES.

Come, Memory, take me once more by the hand,
And lead me afar to my own native land ;
Oh take me again to my own cottage door,
Where the toys of my childhood strew wildly the floor ;
With my mother caressing, I see her smile now,
While combing and parting the curls on my brow ;
With the father that pray'd o'er me morning and eve,
And the sisters that wept when their brother would grieve ;
And the garden where pleasure sat circling the hours,
As I watch'd the young buds of my favorite flowers ;

With the old trysting thorn, 'twixt the still and the gate,
Where our meetings were early, and partings were late ;
While the moonbeams that chequer'd the white blossoms thro'
Laid silvery gems on the daisy-cup'd dew ;
And the little green meadow that sloped to the brook,
Where my footsteps oft follow'd the windings it took ;
Or I stoop'd down to pluck—oh how dear is the theme !
The bright yellow blossoms that studded the stream ;
Or I plaited a cap of the rushes that grew
On its green sedgy banks, for—I'll not tell you who ;
Or snatch'd at the minnows, which oft as I dipp'd
My hand in the stream, through my foil'd fingers slipp'd ;
I remember, when wearied, the nook where I laid
On the grass, while the trout o'er the bright ripples play'd,
As my little dog Dash, at the top of his speed,
Chased the zig-zaging butterflies over the mead.
It was out of that bank from the moss round about,
That a little brown linnet came fluttering out,
And it circled my head for a minute or more,
Then flew to the spot it had sprung from before ;
I parted the flowers to the moss, in the shade,
And found out the tiny round nest it had made ;
The eggs were all speckled, and warm from the breast,
And I wish'd them my own, yet I left them to rest ;

And in leaving the brook how my young heart did bound,
For it was the first bird's nest I ever had found.
Could time take me back through the mist-gloom of years,
To the green spots of childhood made holy by tears,
Would the cowslips and primroses seen through the shade
Of the old hawthorn tree, look as bright from the glade?
Would the brook be as clear, or the rushes as green?
Or the bird's nest give joy as when last it was seen?
Would the daisies or buttercups bloom to the eye
Of the faded old man, as they did to the boy?
Oh no, for the waves of the dark sea of years
Are over his spirit, and drown it in tears.

PARAPHRASE OF A LETTER,

WRITTEN BY A RETURNED VOLUNTEER, FROM MEXICO, TO HIS PARENTS,
A FEW DAYS BEFORE HIS DEATH, IN NEW ORLEANS.

The curtains of death close in darkness around me,
My spirit ere long like a bird will be free :
'Tho' I stray'd from my home to where wild war had bound me,
I know that forgiveness is breathing for me.

No mother to pillow my head in its anguish,
No father to wipe the death-sweat from my brow;
Not long amid strangers in pain shall I languish,
I feel the cold hand of the grave on me now.

The God I have loved from my earliest childhood,
My shield from the death-storm, now beckons me home;
Lo, Saviour; I come from earth's dark, tangled wild-wood,
Through Eden's bright bowers amid sunshine to roam.

I fear the cold pangs of the grim King of Terrors,
Yet angels are waiting to soften the pain;
Then grieve not the loss, I shall triumph o'er error,
Nor wish my freed spirit in bondage again.

And oh, in the beautiful, boundless dominion,
How happy our meeting—when parting 's no more;
Where sorrow's dark shade finds no rest for her pinion,
O'er death's boundless main, on eternity's shore.

THE NEW YEAR.

The snow-shroud is woven, the last trembling tear
Like an icicle hangs on the fast fading year.
The winter-storm groans as it flits through the air,
A requiem howl'd o'er the grave of despair.

Hark! heard you that knell on the midnight's lone tongue,
As it woke the new year that came shiv'ring along;
How varied and wild the reflections it brought,
While troubling the waves on the broad sea of thought;
How oft had our bark, when life's ocean grew wild,
Been toss'd in its sinewy arms like a child,
With rudder unshipp'd, sails flashing on high,
Like sea-birds, dark spotting the breast of the sky;
No pilot, no compass, no chart of the way,
No star-gleam by night, and no sunbeam by day.

The white foam curl'd proudly its crest in the cloud,
And the storm-spirit echoed long, dreary, and loud.

Crash, crash, went the masts, as she heaved to the sky,
That answer'd in thunder the seaman's shrill cry;
Dark clouds like a pall gather'd blackness around,
See, see the huge waves from the vessel rebound;
Hark! heard you those prayers in the cleft of the storm?
As the angel of love, bent his beautiful form,
Like the rainbow of hope, o'er the archway of joy,
From the ocean's extremes to the blue of the sky.
See, see where the clouds roll in grandeur away,
And the waves hide their heads in the mist of the spray,
Peace, peace came in music, for Jesus was there,
And the huge billows nestled to sleep in his care.

With Jesus as pilot on Zion's old bark,
We have compass and rudder and star in the dark;
And oh may He guide us life's wide ocean o'er,
'Till a plank be heaved out on eternity's shore.

ACROSTIC TO M. T.

May Joy from out her favor'd bowers,
Around thee fling her wildest flowers;
Roses in thy path be blowing,
Young, and beautifully glowing;
 As the fairy-footed time,
Trips along to notes of glee,
 Oh may sweets from every clime,
Melt in honey dews for thee.
Lady of the ebon tress,
In whose eyes beams tenderness,
Ne'er may care with raven wing,
Shadows o'er thy future fling;
Oh, may hope in rainbow dyes,
Nurse thy young wishes as they glowing rise.

TO MISS M. S. C. L.

Swan of the deeply wounded wing,
I love those sorrowing notes of thine,
For oh, across my heart they fling
The pleasure-pangs that once were mine.

In life's young morn thy heart was sear'd,
By disappointment's withering brand,
And thy lone waking pillow tear'd
By streams that flow'd from sorrow's land.

Oh tune, sweet bird, that strain again,
The fond ear listening courts thy lay,
And flowers breathe sweeter incense when
They smile beneath thy music's play.

Thy last, sad, sweetest warblings o'er,
Thy wing shall trace a sunnier clime,
Where streams and flowers for evermore
Shall glad that drooping heart of thine.

MY PAST.

My past has been poison'd with weeds from my birth,
And the future affords me no promise of flowers,
My heart scarcely knows the kind sunshine of earth,
For adversity's clouds ever darken'd my hours.

The streamlets of hope in their rippling play,
Wander'd far from the fields where my footsteps have
stray'd ;
While the rose-bud seem'd drooping with tears on my way,
And the scenes I most loved, were the soonest to fade.

My heart has been crush'd by unkindness and care,
And wounded affections have waken'd my tears,
My spirit is broken and tamed by despair,
And my soul bow'd down by the anguish of years.

Yet oh there's a rest where the weary will lay,
When the struggle is over, and time breathes its last,
When mortality sleeps in its confines of clay,
And the spirit no longer broods over the past.

LINES,

ADDRESSED TO W. F. MARVIN; BY HIS BROTHER, RICHARD MARVIN.

I saw thee last when childhood gay,
Beguiled with dreams the blissful day ;
When nature's gayest smiles were taught,
To will my fond believing thought ;
Childhood, the home of fancy's flowers,
Where hope still leads the circling hours,
Life, dearest theme in every stage,
The song of youth, the harp of age ;
From thence what mournful sweetness springs,
When mem'ry wakes the answering strings ;
The tear will leave its hidden cell,
And passion own the pleasing spell,
While nature's mutest, feeblest chord,
Vibrates responsive to the word.

Years to their home have fled fast,
The boundless ocean of the past,
And jaded memory gives to thee,
But the forgetfulness of me ;
Yet should thy once loved native shore,
Thy lingering wishes claim no more,

Each kindred bosom still would crave,
The transient joys that fancy gave.
Once more thy childhood's home I view,
And trace its parting joys anew;
Again I mark the dwindled spot,
Too dear to each to be forgot,
Where oft our wearied forms have laid,
Beneath the willow's grateful shade.
Yet Nature's wilder beauties tell,
The scenes where fancy loved to dwell;
Still beauty's spirit lights the dawn,
And strews with smiles the daisied lawn;
Still darkly waves the distant wood,
Still rippling falls the limpid flood;
Young Hope once fondly hover'd there,
And still would I her blessings share;
But while the transient wish beguiles,
She far removes her winning smiles;
Yet time shall snatch unfading flowers,
If peace but calm its closing hours,
And o'er the scene sweet Hope the while,
Shall waft a bright unclouded smile.

Hinckley, Leicestershire, England, May 28th, 1837.

DIRGE,

OVER THE GRAVE OF GENERAL Z. TAYLOR.

Rest, warrior, rest, in thy home-nursed bed;
A soldier bard breathes of thy name;
Yet faint are the laurels he wreathes round thy head,
While the world is too scant for thy fame.

How brave in the battle,—thine arm was a host,
And confidence flash'd from thine eye;
Where death clung to danger was ever thy post,
And who but to shield thee would die.

Thy course, like the river that witness'd thy fame,
Swept over each wave that would bound;
And the echoes of ages shall thunder thy name,
To the hills and the mountains around.

The dread frowning forts of the famed Monterey,
Be-domed and be-castled in pride,
Like reeds in the tempest before thee gave way,
Or wrecks on Time's wild surging tide.

The gorge-skirted hills on the Vista's wide breast,
Are enrich'd with the blood of the brave,
And the mountains, Time's monuments, silently rest,
Huge sentinels, o'er their broad grave.

Rest, warrior, rest, in thy home nursed bed,
Yet the battle-tinged beams of thy sun
Will ne'er shed a halo so bright o'er thy head,
As thy kindly forbearance has done.

Spare, comrades, a tear o'er your Taylor's loved grave,
Since Heaven has enlisted his breath,
His name's muster-roll'd with the glorious brave,
And he only surrender'd to death.

FRAGMENT OF A NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS

FOR 1845.

The pen of time unmended, still writes on
The gloomy requiem of ages gone;
And as the moments drop in hasty strife,
They leave but bubbles on the sea of life;

Where are the hours, the happy hours when we
Stood smiling, prattling, by a mother's knee ?
When unfledged Hope spread out her cherub wing
Like the young glories of the opening spring ;
When the warm hearth, and all around it smiled,
To cheer the parents and to bless the child ;
When many voices mingled in the throng,
Or silence hush'd to hear a sister's song ;
When truth, like rubies, woo'd the lips apart,
And kindness wreathed its roses round the heart ;
When fraud and meanness, or dull, brutal rage,
Portray'd no villain on the youthful page ;
No slander coil'd, in sullen torpor lay,
Till summer suns should give the poison play ;
And joy and hope their soften'd tints impart,
Then strikes its fangs in venom to the heart :
No falsehood glibly roll'd from sainted tongue,
Warm in vibration from the prayer or song ;
No talents wasted where high hopes were laid,
Nor gilded vice disgraced the classic shade ;
No fawning friends sneak'd round, how falsely named,
To propagate the slander foes had framed ;
But softest, sweetest interchange of thought,
Within the tiny web of life seem'd wrought.

Seraph of beauty wing away the cloud,
That hangs Bæotian, o'er our spirits shroud,
And thou, the muse, inspire some fitter lay,
Well exorcised, to drive the fiend away.
Home of the beautiful, home of the brave,
Where freedom's flag floats over tyranny's grave;
Though hope folds her pinions a moment in night,
It is but to gather new strength for her flight;
Shall the name that the Hampdens and Sidneys made dear,
Be borne to the grave without struggle or tear?
Shall the beacon that welcomed the stranger to rest,
Be sunk in the billows that broke on its breast?
Shall the stars that have shone thro' misfortune's dark night
Be clouded in shame by a false, glaring light?
Oh, no, there's a wail on the winds—and the cry
Comes aloud from the heart, let not Whigery die.

Now turn we to the Ashland chief,
Whose name's on every nation's leaf;
With tranquil brow, and eye of light,
He gazed upon the unequal fight,
Where truth opposed to fraud and hate,
O'er match'd, not conquer'd, met its fate;
He bore the surge-like ocean rock
Unmoved, amid the billow's shock;

The foam from mountain waves that roll,
Dims not the sunshine of his soul;
But as the spray goes dancing by
Reflects a rainbow in his sky.

THE BLACK CAP.

I love to see the little black cap come,
On winter mornings round my cottage home,
With sparkling eye, and little nut-brown bill,
To pick the crumbs laid on the window sill.

Chirp, chirp, and now he calls his mate to share,
From off the rose-bush nigh his simple fare;
Sidles his wings, in warm affection due,
And pecks for her the larger crumbs in two.

Now the glad sun lights up the glittering spray,
Upon the trellis'd woodbine where they stay,
As back they flutter, and the whole day long,
Repay me for their breakfast in a song.

And thus may I my thanks as duly pay
To the great Power that feeds me every day;
And like the pretty black cap, kindly share
The scatter'd crumbs my daily wants may spare.

SONG TO THE DESPONDING.

AIR—"The soldier's dream."

Bear up, though indignity, insult and scorn,
Like clouds of the night-storm may darken thy way;
Bear up till the sun struggles out in the morn,
And gold drops of pleasure distils from the spray.

Bear up—can rude ruffians thy spirit control,
Or wring from thy bosom a sigh or a pain?
Can midnight assassins wring tears from thy soul,
Or thy spirit be fetter'd by calumny's chain?

Bear up—though the waves of adversity heave
O'er thy storm-riven bark, till it logs like a wreck,
And the messmates of fortune, the land-lubbers, leave
Thy fate to the tempest that sweeps o'er thy deck.

Bear up to the gale.—look aloft through the shrouds,
While lash'd to the helm in its rude guiding strife,
As cherubs of mercy smile through the dark clouds,
To pilot thee home o'er the billows of life.

THOUGHTS

SUGGESTED BY VISITING ROBB'S DAGUERREAN ROOM, DANVILLE, KY.

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO THE ARTIST.

Mysterious power, glad rescuer from the grave
Of all we loved on earth, that art can save.
The statue gracing memory's niche may fade,
Yet rise renew'd, beneath thy magic aid.

How many smiles those cherish'd looks will bring
To friends long hence, on retrospection's wing.
Years may roll on, while time spare pleasure gives,
And yet the semblance of the loved one lives;
Lives in the smile which solaced once the heart,
And in its being's essence form'd a part;
Lives to direct, to act, to think, to speak,
Not with the utterance of mortal tongue,
But through the spirit breathing a low song.

In soft old strains, to mind, to memory dear,
The dying music of each by-gone year,
Pointing its finger down the stream of life
To some calm sea, beyond care's surging strife,
Where our frail barks, fast cabled, soon will be,
Beside the wharf of immortality.

THE DESERTED MAIDEN'S LAMENT.

He comes not again, though the tides of long years
Have ebb'd and have flow'd since he fled ;
Yet the fountain of love is still brimming with tears,
And sorrow has silver'd my head.

The vows that he breathed by the moon's gentle light,
Still weave a fond charm o'er my heart ;
While the stars that kept watch on the bosom of night,
Yet gleam over memory's chart.

He comes not again, though I fancy his song
Breathes sweetly from every grove,
And the sound of his foot cheats me all the day long,
Yet still the illusion I love.

He comes not again — while I wonder, ah me,
If his voice has the same gentle tone ;
If the curls on his brow cluster jetty and free,
As when I once deem'd them mine own.

He comes not again ; are the fetters of death
Enchain'd on his once willing feet ?
And is it his spirit's sweet whispering breath,
That musics the anguish I meet ?

He comes not again, but I fancy his smile,
In sunshine, still beckons to me ;
And I have but the waiting and watching awhile,
To meet him o'er life's rugged sea.

THE LONE OLD MAN.

My path of life is lone and drear,
I've no friends left me now ;
No gentle voice the gloom to cheer,
That gathers o'er my brow.

The summer beams of early morn,
No kindling joys impart ;
They light the gems on flower and thorn,
But cannot gild my heart.

The kindly hands that closed in mine,
Are clutch'd in selfish care ;
And smiles that welcomed " Auld lang syne,"
No more their greetings share.

Age creeps along with stealthy tread,
While anguish, want, and tears,
Weave faded chaplets round my head,
That thorn my tottering years.

Oh, would I were a child again,
With sunshine on my brow ;
A mother's care was o'er me then,
But no one loves me now.

NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS.

Written January 1, 1850.

Time's untired eagle round the earth once more
Has circling flown, while fell disease and death,
In hideous form, attendant on his train,
Has swept the nations like a mighty scourge ;
And taken hence with rude, unsparing hand,
Whom we most loved and valued here below.
One you all knew, fell victim to its ire,
Through ministrations at the bed of death ;
In placid beauty o'er his broad, fair brow
Benevolence, and piety, and truth,
Cast a calm grandeur ; and his mild blue eye
Bespoke a purity that shrined his heart.
His palsied hand, for forty by-gone years,
And suasive tongue, had pointed out to youth
The fame of honor seen through learning's page,
His tottering limbs were ever prone to stray
Where want had cower'd, or death had wove a shroud,
And ready hand, unsparingly bestow'd
The scanty crumbs that fortune gave him here ;
His church's pillar, and its shaken form

Disjointed, totters o'er his moulder'd pile:
They crush'd their promises, and buried him
Without the pale of his own sepulchre,
Where no stone tells his soon forgotten grave,
His high nobility of Christian worth,
Or boundless latitude of his great heart.
Nations belligerent wade deep in blood,
While virtue, valor, crush'd by brutal force,
Still wears the fetters tyrants rivet on.
Yet is the march of liberty untired,
While pen and sword, almighty in her cause,
Press to enfranchise those who would be free.
Who has not wept o'er brave Hungary's fall,
And scorn'd the autocrat who forged her chains?
The noble Kossuth, and his patriot band,
From out their sanctuary he would drag,
And feast, and fright his serfs with martyr'd gore.
Will nations bear this sacrilege of law?
Strugglers for freedom—patriots—become
The wide world's guests, while all the good and wise
Of every land, will act as sponsors for,
And safe protect their charge with a broad love.
Oh liberty! thou first, best boon of earth,
Thou cherish'd attribute of noble souls,

Essence divine, that nectars life's full cup,
And shores with gold the tide of happiness.
'Tis curious through the mystic glass of thought
Observantly, reflective, to look on,
And catch the varied passions of mankind ;
Enshrined in beauty, here and there are found,
Bestudding the wide earth, yet far apart,
Like lumps of gold in California's mines,
The truly virtuous, and the generous hearts :
The world awards to such no honest meed,
But dubs them hypocritical, and puts
A cap and bells upon their worthy brows.
Amid the mass, a motley Proteus crew,
Venders of mischief, slandering, stalk abroad,
Whetting their viper-fangs in feverish hate,
And searching every cranny where to lay
The egg of discord, severing the ties
Of woven friendships, or affections bond ;
And stumbling on to their own hell of pain,
Amid the scatter'd ruins they have wrought.
These are but fly-blows gasping 'neath the salt
That saturates the earth, there let them writhe.
All nature wears a general beauty,
And the seasons roll grandly in order,

Harmony and love, shouting in thunder
Through the dark'ning storm, breathing in flowers,
Pictured in mountain, valley, hill and plain ;
And in the glorious stars that mirror forth
The architecture of the dome of heaven,
And in the mind, whose subtlest workings ne'er
Can follow close, or comprehend itself,
In all things here, above, below, around,
And in the conscience-workings of our hearts,
And aspirations high, we deeply feel
The sacred presence of a mighty power,
That breathes in every thought a God, a God.

Intemperance, beneath the genial sun
Of kind, warm hearts, is melting from the earth,
'Tis only here and there a poor stray sheep,
With piteous bleat, and fleece all torn and soil'd
Amid the brambles sown by folly's hand,
Is sorrowing found, a feeble, lone, doom'd thing,
That feasts on misery, and idly hears
The winning softness of the shepherd's voice,
Regardless, passing by the open fold.
Still, gentle shepherd, do not give him up.

Time's swift progression brings its changes home,
And lustres Danville with its blandest smiles ;

Where shatter'd frames stood trembling to the gale,
Or old Dutch gables peak'd from square to square,
Like fairy-work now on their sites are found,
Huge palaces that beautify the scene,
And tell of growing thrift more loud than words.
The march is onwards, and contemplates still
Advantages more high, a railway soon,
The key of commerce, opening wide her gates,
And bringing distance to our very doors,
Will crowd our stores with fresh, enlivening trade,
And give impetus to mechanic power.

LINES

WRITTEN IN MONTEREY, MEXICO, ON HEARING OF THE DEATH OF
JOHN B. LAPSLEY, OF ELIZABETHTOWN, KY.

Thou art gone to the bright sunny land,
Where the good and the beautiful go ;
And thy bark by the breezes of Eden is fann'd,
Where the waters of life gently flow.

Thou art gone to thy own native home,
Where the bliss thou hast dream'd of while here,
O'er thy purified spirit in rapture shall come,
As angels converse with thee there.

Thou art gone to the land of the free,
With eternity bounding thy time ;
Where the song of the seraph thy music shall be,
In the land of the beautiful clime.

DESULTORY THOUGHTS.

Time's drooping moments on the sea of life,
Bathed amid sunshine, roll their burnish'd scales
O'er the blue depths that bosom them in gold ;
Or lashed by tempest heave huge billowy waves
In crested grandeur o'er a watery world.

Nations are motes upon the wheels of time ;
The sunset of their glory links the rays
Of their young dawning—all of art must fade :
The chisell'd marble bursting into life
In bust or statue, and the pencil'd truth
Breathed on the canvas from the fires of soul,
For immortality ; pyramid and tower,
Temple and palace, and proud monument,
With all the gorgeous grandeur nich'd in art,
Must pile the wreck of matter, and dissolve.

Yet nature, in her essence, knows no change ;

Yon fleecy dome arch'd o'er immensity,
Is daily lighted up from glory's fires ;
Or dark, besprent with million'd glowing gems,
Like angels eyes upon the face of night ;
The opened casket of Omnipotence,
Set in the light-house of eternal love.

What broad ideas crowd the train of mind,
And clog her wheels, in track so intricate ;
While dark, intangible, quiescent forms
Float on the subtle ether, breathing strange
Unearthly music to the spirit's ear ;
The shadowy, long-lapsed ages dimly come,
Like spectres o'er the heated brain of thought,
And form a chaos in reflection's world,
A dream beneath the coverlid of clouds.

The grateful earth with annual bounty teems,
Blushing with beauty, redolence and love,
In glad reciprocation of her stores.

The mountain peaks still cap their brows with clouds,
In deep, dark grandeur the wild forest waves ;
The cataract, in dread magnificence
Rolls its wide volume with imperious haste,
In thundering surges to the broad spread sea
That bosoms it, a drop on its wide waste.

The daisied dells in wonted beauty smile,
Where toil-worn thought broods over by-gone dreams,
And lists the dainty song of amorous birds
Breathed o'er sweet odors of the blossom'd boughs;
Where roses trellis'd, arch the violet's bed,
And the young ring-doves coo themselves to rest,
While the blithe cottager, with deep'ning blush,
Trips o'er the threshold of her woodbined bower,
And veils her beauties from the vagrant eye.

Hope's guardian form in nestling tenderness,
Clings to the sorrow'd heart with anxious care—

Fledging its future with ideal bliss :

The night's dark grandeur, and day's beauty weave

A young elysium for the soul-wrapt sense ;

While angel spirits flit around, and breathe

A new-toned eloquence, and fancy dwells

In palaces of million'd clustering gems,

Forth-mirroring their ever changing hues

Amid bright fountains, jetting pearly spray,

Laving the petals of unnumber'd flowers,

That breathe sweet welcome to the silvery flow.

Hope is the spirit of the future's smile :

Whose gentle wing, with feathery soothing power,

Fans the rank fever of our down trod souls ;

And snowy finger eloquently points
To some far, beautiful and sunny home,
Whose mountains clothed in hoary grandeur kiss
The matron brow of slow receding time,
As stretch'd her arms, towards eternity.
Whose fields are jasper'd o'er with living green,
And fleck'd with purple Nature's bridal robe ;
Worn through all time, not holiday'd in pride ;
Where lucid streams in rippling music flow,
Whose silver threads attenuated wind
O'er shining gems, and beds of sanded gold ;
Dancing in pride among wild laughing flowers,
Of odors exquisite, and varied forms,
With tints more rare, and softly shaded down,
Than the broad rainbow that o'ercircles them.
The world 's a crucible, where nature's coin
Fused by false alchemy, is stamp'd awrong ;
To be retested at the mint of God.
Life 's but a dewdrop pendent on a flower,
A sunbeam glancing o'er a string of pearls ;
A vision of the future dimly seen,
A little snow-flake on a turbid stream,
A madd'ning rush o'er a dread cataract,
An atom borne upon the breeze of time,
Pinion'd with hope for immortality.

NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS

FOR 1851.

Time's busy fingers showers her blessings round,
Where'er our eagle's sheltering wing is found ;
Our mountains teem with yet uncounted stores,
Of mineral treasures, in rich varied ores ;
Our boundless forests, where the wild deer plays
'Neath branching oaks, that bar the noontide's rays ;
Our giant rivers, where in gorgeous pride,
Huge palaces float, bounding o'er their tide.
Our glowing fields stretch'd wide with golden grain,
While flocks and herds unnumber'd throng the plain ;
Our meadows waving rich with green and gold,
Where the stack'd treasures feed the neighboring fold ;
Our well fill'd barns, where stores of poultry stride,
Around their doors in well-fed strutting pride ;
Our spreading farms, where art and nature strives
To bless the ploughmen and their thrifty wives ;
With rosy children—subject well to rule,
Who daily lesson at the neighboring school.

Ah, who'd forego, for California's gold,
Such home-bound bliss, as we may here behold;
Risk health and comfort, and e'en life to gain
Uncertain pleasures, bought by toil and pain.

Our crowded cities, Proteus shaped to please,
In business, leisure, drudgery, or ease;
Here gilded opulence, and thread-bare pride,
Elbow each other, strutting side by side.
Here pleasure spreads her wings of rainbow dyes,
And sparks of love are lit in beauty's eyes.

Here ships of trade, from every nation meet,
And the wide world lays treasures at our feet,
With flags, whose hues their varied countries call,
And freedom's stars o'er bannering them all.

The world's broad eye beams o'er the prospect fair,
In admiration, yet in jealous care;

Watches the threaten'd sparks that smould'ring lie,
Where interest clashes, or opinions cry:

Gloats o'er the discord's fierce electric fire,
And chaunts a requiem o'er our funeral pyre.

May dead'ning palsy strike the miscreant hand,
Would sow disunion o'er this favor'd land.

Shall the proud fabric, bought by blood and tears—
Blood of our sires—scarce live to mark their years?

Shall fancied wrongs, by North or South unfurl'd,
Distrain the freedom of one half the world?
Making the home where liberty was born,
A mock and by-word for the nation's scorn;
Oh no, our Cass and Webster, Foote and Clay,
Will stand like giants in destruction's way;
Conceding all that honor can bestow,
And warding off to death the threaten'd blow.
And here, a tribute due I fain would pay,
To my heart's idol, and the world's great Clay.

When the bark of our freedom was toss'd on the ocean,
And thunder-clouds gather'd around its fair form;
When the crew disunited grew pale with emotion,
Your Clay seized the helm, boys, and weather'd the storm.
When the pinions of power darkly flapp'd o'er our nation,
And tyranny bounded our course on the sea;
His voice, like a trumpet, call'd each to his station,
And shouted, Remember your fathers were free.
And again—when dissension, from jarring opinions,
Or interest estranged the brave South from the North;
His eloquence baffled disunion's minions,
And, angel of peace, in the breach he stood forth!

Tho' his locks have been whiten'd by time's silver fingers,
His form slightly bow'd by the pressure of care,
Yet the glow of his mind like the sunlight still lingers,
And the crew of the Union never need fear.

Who has not heard of the great coming fair?
'Tis said that all the world's expected there;
Crown'd heads and counts, republicans and lords,
Will jostling meet—and bandy loving words.
While the Glass Palace, a great nation's toy,
Shows the whole earth below—above all sky.
Wiser, and better feelings seem to bind
The world together, in more common mind;
Our native States with England has ally'd,
To join the Atlantic's and Pacific's tide,
While public works that erewhile seem'd to stand,
Find ready progress now throughout the land.

But hark, that wail, deep sorrowing like a storm,
From yonder death-bed, where our Taylor's form
Lies pale and pulseless, and those eyes of fire,
That flash'd back squadrons in their glowing ire,
Are sightless now—those arms no more will wield
The glittering blade across the ensanguined field;

Nor that brave heart, once warm with feeling's glow,
Heave o'er the sorrows of a vanquish'd foe.
Thy fame's thy monument, and countless years,
Shall bathe its shrine in consecrated tears.

One tribute here to yon sweet bird that brings,
Such soul-lit music on her generous wings:

Sweet warbler of the Swedish groves,

Oh charm this listening ear of mine;

Not melody of angel's loves

Could breathe such heart-felt strains as thine.

The wildest echoes of thy hills,

Come music'd o'er the heart from thee;

The herdsman's cry—the murmuring rills,

The nightingale's sweet minstrelsy.

Oh thou hast made a nation glad,

And lured its ravish'd soul along;

Thy generous hand has cheer'd the sad,

And thy heart's softness trills thy song.

Then come, loved bird, thy warblings bring,

My patrons wait thy strains to cheer;

Their smiles will shine upon thy wing,

And hearts o'erflow with pleasure's tear.

Intemperance, with fell, insidious wing,
Still flits around, its miseries to bring;
The gilded bar-rooms still with glittering show,
Attract the unwary to their deadly foe,
While some gone cases, whom I most deplore,
Tip their sly mutchkins off behind the door;
Reel to their church, upon the Lord's own day,
And seat them on the foremost bench to pray;
Bawl out to Heaven their dolorous, whining cry,
As if their God was deaf, or was not by;
Stalk round from store to store, with gin-fed ire,
And spit blue ruin in each neighbor's fire,
Till all the world avoids them as a pest,
And e'en their church has deem'd their absence best.

And now, one word about our thrifty town,
On which prosperity showers blessings down;
Its schools and college centralize its fame,
And o'er the Union spread abroad its name.
Its skill'd mechanics, and its well-filled stores
Bring far-off strangers to its crowded doors;
While soon a railway, bringing distance near,
Will wake new interest on the tradesman's ear,
Make it a depot for the country round;
And mart for each domestic produce found;

Advance two-fold the value of estate,
And bring new chances to the poor man's gate ;
Making our town a wharf to rivers round,
Upon whose shores all needs of earth abound ;
And foremost coal—essential to bring forth
All other ores of native mountain'd worth—
Making our village best among the best,
The glowing, thriving Pittsburg of the West !

LOVE'S SERENADE.

Oh rise by the moon's silver light, love,
And dim the night gems with thine eyes ;
The pearls on the grass glitter bright, love ;
Oh rise, dearest maiden, arise.
The meadows are laughing with flowers, love,
And nightingales music the grove,
Then oh steal from thy sleep the bright hours, love,
And list my guitar as we rove.

Down, down where the rivulet's waves, love,
Kiss the violet's lips as they flow,
And the daisy its silver cup laves, love,
And lilies out-virgin the snow ;

We'll rove where the blossoms are young, love,
And odors have mingled their sweets,
And pearls on the hawthorn are strung, love,
In the vine-woven rosy retreats.

My heart for long years has been thine, love,
Then tenderly list to its lay ;
Oh whisper through smiles thou art mine, love,
Ere rose-clouds unbosom the day.
The pulse that responds to my heart, love,
In ev'ry throb whispers of thee,
Then why do we linger apart, love ?
Oh, waken and wander with me.

MY HUSBAND'S LOVE.

INSCRIBED TO MRS. M

I have no secrets now ; my husband's love
Has rooted up the wilderness of weeds
That grew about my childhood and my youth,
And made a summer garden round my heart,
An Eden rich with fruits, and streams, and flowers.
I have no secrets now ; whene'er his foot
Tells its soft music to my list'ning ear,

My busy heart wakes up its sweetest smiles
To welcome him, and fondest memory tries
To conjure up some truth to cheer his heart,
A waken'd reminiscence, that will bring
Some loved old tune to his glad memory.

I have no secrets now ; affection's gems,
In little noisy pledges play around
The winter fire-side of my hopes and fears,
And sparkle in the future diadem.

I have no secrets now ; my husband's love
Has been the magnet unto all the joys,
That earth can satellite around me here.

I have no secrets now ; my home and heaven
Fill every corner of my grateful heart ;
Nor will I fear the inevitable change
That must ere long come over me and mine,
But bundle up my blessings carefully,
And like a traveller wend my way to God.

THE HARRODSBURG SPRING, KY.,

Or a morning's and evening's ramble through its beautifully winding walks and Eden-like bowers, with a view of its new and magnificent palace, and distant glimpse of its splendid ball-room, as the music from its full orchestra came in rich and fitful cadence over my delighted and wrapt feelings.

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO MISS S. E. GRAHAM, NOW MRS.

The young Aurora shook her dewy wings,
In balmy fragrance o'er the rural springs;
The drooping roses seem'd suffused in tears,
Like gems of feeling, set mid hopes and fears;
The buds were blushing, as in conscious worth,
And woo'd the morn to bring their beauties forth.
The lengthen'd vista, canopied by bloom
Of shadowing locusts, in its wild perfume
The humble woodbine flaunting here and there
With tendrils twined, its neighbor's strength to share,
While golden flowers just tipp'd with crimson hue,
In clustering beauty o'er its branches grew.
And on yon bank with gems unnumber'd spread,
The purple violet droops its modest head,
The tiny daisy and the lily fair,
Waft their faint perfume on the ambrosial air,

And wild-thyme mingling in the varied mass,
Tops with bright purple the young waving grass ;
The hawthorn blossoms, and the flowering plum
Smiles forth in freshness to the bee's wild hum.

How fair the landscape, here a sunny glade,
And there, umbrageous, soft'ning into shade.
Here nature rises in fantastic mound,
And there a vale, with roses clust'ring round.
Here crystal waters wind in devious way,
While dark-eyed cherubs court their rippling play.
Here smiles a bower, by nature darkly wove,
The sacred haunt of sympathy and love ;
While all around unnumber'd beauties cling,
And soothing, pleasing retrospections bring.

Lo, where yon palace rises from the shade,
With beauty thronged beneath its colonnade ;
A gorgeous pile, magnificently gay,
Where cooling breezes fan the hours away ;
And all the splendors taste or art can know,
Within its courtly halls in grandeur glow ;
Where all the comforts age or pain would share,
Anticipation meets with anxious care ;
No luxury so rare but finds a place
Upon the board that daily festals grace ;

A scene of splendor, varying day by day,
To cheer the drooping and amuse the gay,
While one long round of pleasures ever new,
In fairy smiles each moment meets our view.

'Tis moonlight, and her gentle beams
Fall softly here in silver streams;
While ever and anon she shrouds
Behind yon pile of fleecy clouds,
As here and there a glimmering star,
Seems following in her track afar;
Till, as the burning gems unfold,

They stud the dome of heaven with gold.

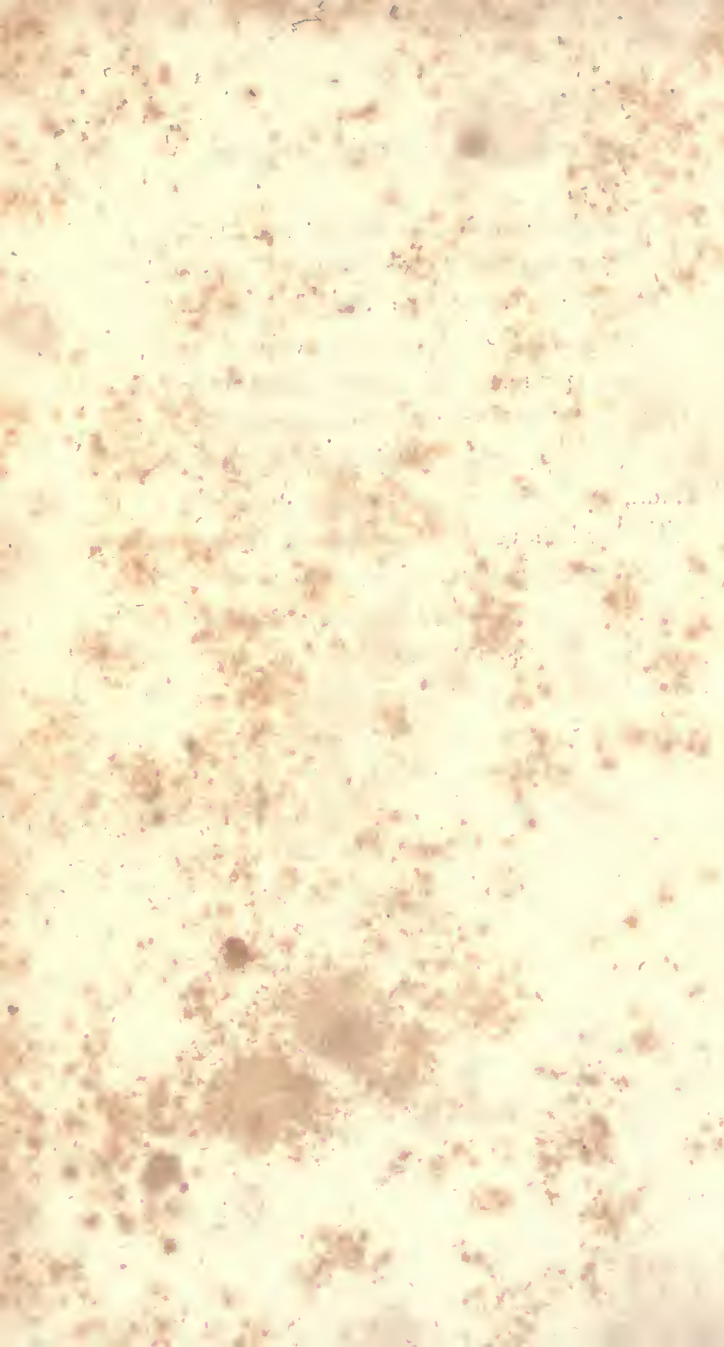
See o'er the landscape, chequering through the trees,
Whose graceful foliage waves beneath the breeze,
Yon forms æreal in the brilliant hall,
Like sylphs of air, their light, loose shadows fall.
In mazy wildness now they gliding float,
Footing sweet music to each new-born note.
And now in rapture's giddy whirl they fly,
While sparks ecstatic light each radiant eye,
And angel whispers as they glide along,
Breathed from the heart, makes eloquent the tongue.

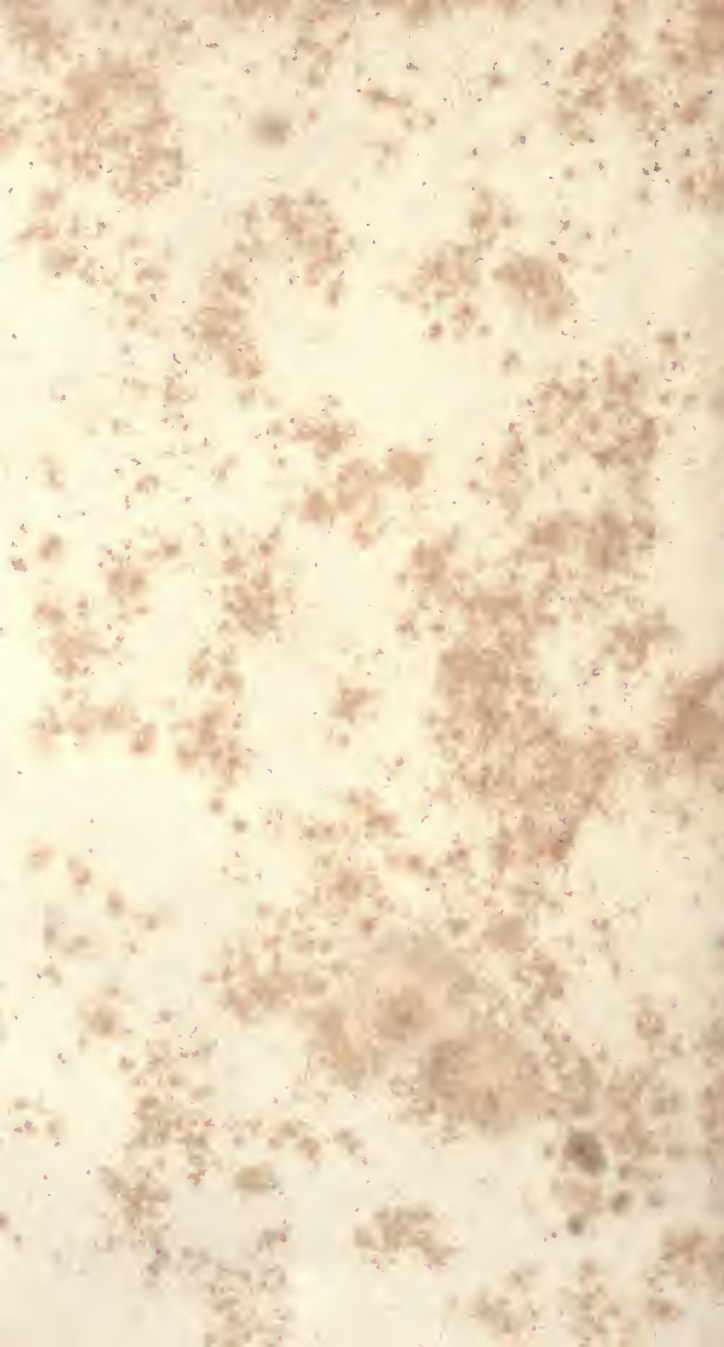
Heard you those notes of melody so rare,
In cadence varying on the purple air?

Now softly undulating on the ear,
Now warbling wildly, now distinct and clear,
Till the wrapt strains o'er all the feelings play,
And in one gush of music, die away.

Long may refinement court thy rosy bowers,
Thy healing virtues, and thy wildwood flowers ;
And may the nymph for whom these strains arise,
Mark thy warm glowing beauties as they rise.
May her light bark float on through Tempe's vales,
While gentle zephyrs fan its silken sails,
Till safely moor'd beyond a sea of fears,
Where bliss perennial smiles o'er countless years.

THE END.







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